ÉDITION DE LUXE



No. 1,098

DECEMBER 13, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



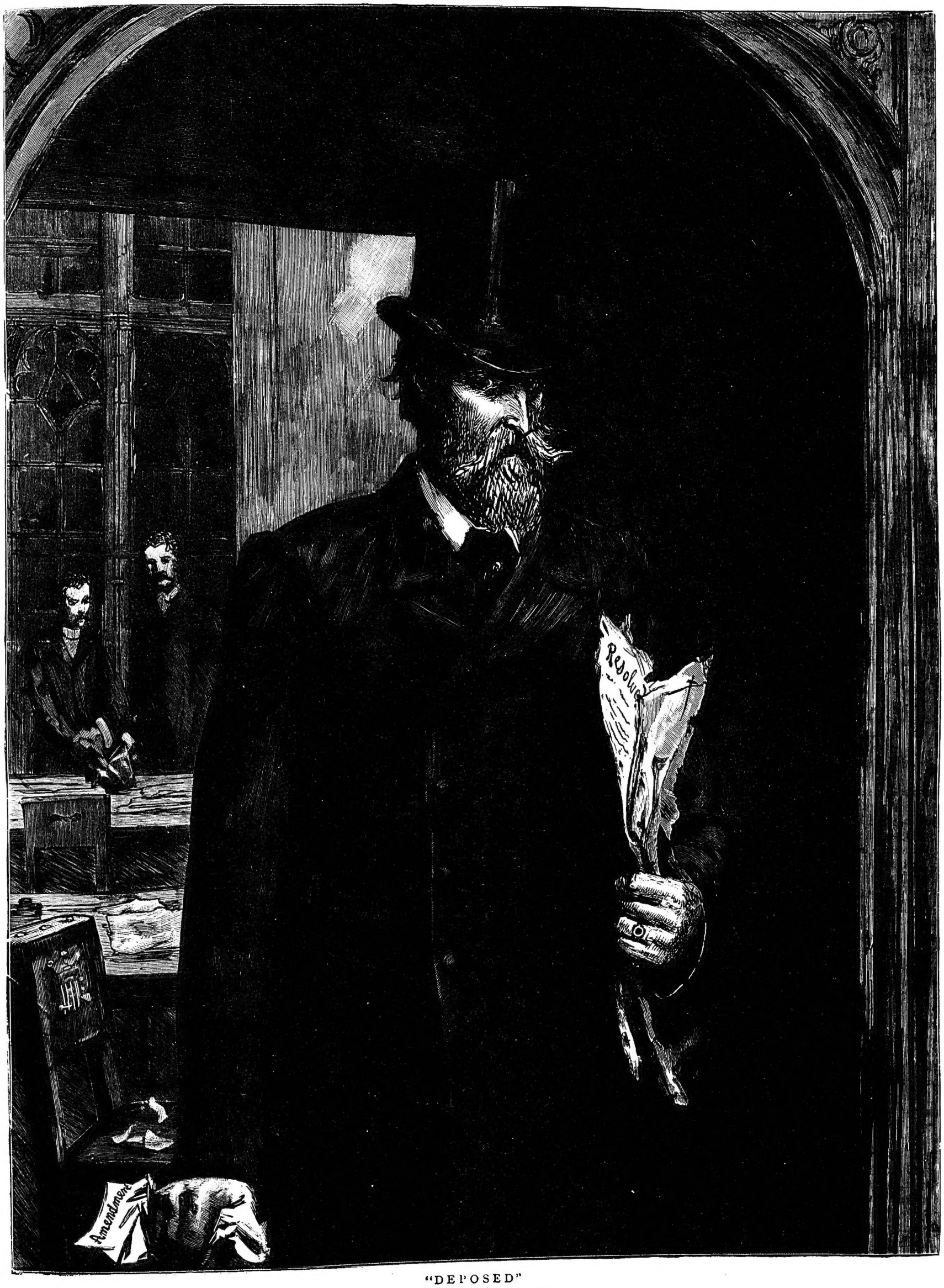
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,098.—Vol. XLII. *Registered as a Newspaper*] ÉDITION DE LUXE SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890 WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE *By Post 9½d.*



"DEPOSED"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

THE IRISH SCHISM.——Whether the Parnellites or their opponents are to be regarded as the orthodox representatives of the Nationalist tradition, is a question about which there will be much bitter dispute in the immediate future. Mr. Parnell has been deposed by a majority of what was formerly his party; but his deposition was irregularly effected, so that, on formal grounds, he may still claim to be the only legitimate Irish Home Rule leader. This, however, is a matter of comparatively slight importance. The real question is whether he or Mr. M'Carthy represents the strongest political force in Ireland. Irishmen themselves are as far as possible from being of one mind on this point, and Englishmen, before forming a definite opinion about it, must wait until they have an opportunity of studying the actual course of events. In the mean time, it is certain that Mr. Parnell will fight vigorously, and that a good many circumstances are in his favour. Mr. M'Carthy, indeed, commands the respect of men of all shades of political conviction. He is a good writer, a patriotic Irishman, and a politician of a remarkably conciliatory temper. But he has never given much evidence of energy and resource, and his action will be hampered by the Council which has been appointed to aid him in his difficult task. Mr. Parnell, on the other hand, remains what, he has been for many years—a thorough autocrat; and no one knows so well as he how to appeal effectively to the most potent elements of the Irish character. If he has at his disposal the funds of the National League, that will of course add enormously to his influence. Whether he will ultimately be able to assert supremacy, no one can tell; but it must be acknowledged that there is at least a chance of his gaining the victory. English Radicals proclaim that, whatever be the result of his fight, they will never have anything to do with him; and they will no doubt abide by this resolution if they can maintain their ground without him. But, after the General Election, they may find that neither of the two great parties in Britain has a decisive majority, and that Mr. Parnell holds the balance. It would be rash to predict what, under those circumstances, either the Radicals or the Tories would do.

A GOOD TIME FOR THE GOVERNMENT.——If any one had foretold a month ago that Parliament, after finishing its labours, would disperse for the Christmas holidays on December 9th, he would have been regarded as an extremely foolish prophet. The Session was to be one of continuous fighting, and Mr. W. H. Smith was supposed, as usual, to have formed his plans in far too sanguine a temper. Yet the impossible was what actually took place. Night after night Parliament got through its work in a way to which there has hardly been a parallel in the lifetime of the present generation. Not only was the Address voted without delay, but two valuable Irish measures received the assent of the Crown, and the chief Bills of the Session were brought into Committee. Mr. W. H. Smith, having promised that the holidays would begin when this stage was reached, was, of course, obliged to keep his word; but it is much to be regretted that he was prevented from taking full advantage of the opportunity which was so unexpectedly provided for him. It is highly improbable that the Government will have so good a time when Parliament reassembles. On Monday Mr. Healy, in dealing with the Land Department (Ireland) Bill, showed very effectively that he had not forgotten the art of making himself troublesome to the Irish Secretary; and he and his colleagues will certainly do their best, by and by, to recover the ground they have lost. In this respect, the Parnellite section of the Nationalist party will not be less zealous. The two factions will recognise that Ireland expects them to be disagreeable to the powers that be; and we may expect that they will try to outdo one another in the old policy of Obstruction. The prospect is anything but pleasant, but for the present the Government has reason to congratulate itself on the accomplishment of a good deal of solid work. That is at least one satisfactory result of the Irish quarrel.

UNIONISM STRENGTHENED.——It is not probable that many English politicians will definitely change sides in consequence of the Irish troubles. But these troubles will almost certainly tell indirectly in favour of Unionism. If the Irish members who have broken away from Mr. Parnell had taken up from the beginning the position chosen by the English Nonconformists, they would have commanded a great deal of cordial sympathy. This, however, they did not do. They supported him enthusiastically until Mr. Gladstone let them know that the Liberal party would not act with Mr. Parnell. Then they turned round, but they did not profess to change their course for moral reasons—they altered their policy simply on the ground of expediency. This produced at once an extremely unpleasant impression, and the effect was certainly not relieved by the extraordinary "scenes" in the Committee Room, where the contending factions gave expression to their opinions and feelings about one another. A vast number of English people could not help asking themselves whether such "scenes" would probably be repeated in an Irish Parliament, and, if so, whether an Irish Parliament would be likely to be of real service to Ireland. Then we must take into account the fact that Mr. Parnell, who has made himself an object of so much dislike, remains at the head of a powerful party, and may soon be again in a position of commanding influence. All this, if it does not detach a large number of English Liberals from the Home Rule cause, will at least lessen their sympathy with it, and make them less enthusiastic in fighting for it. This must be perfectly well understood by the Liberal leaders, and we may presume that they have no longer a burning desire for a speedy appeal to the constituencies.

COMMERCE AND CRISES.——The serious falling-off shown on both sides of the Board of Trade Returns for November appears to be construed in some quarters as a sign of decaying trade. That is an altogether premature assumption; all the reports from the manufacturing districts speak of a fair volume of business, while there is no evidence whatever that the evil process of over-stocking has begun. Besides, all experience demonstrates that one of the first indications of decaying trade is a disposition among employers to lower the wage rate, whereas all their struggles at present are directed to prevent it from rising any higher. The real cause of the shrinkage of exports and imports during November was, no doubt, the fear created in commercial circles by the great financial disaster in the City. Messrs. Baring had such close connections with the whole world of commerce that their downfall made merchants and shippers feel as if the very pillars of trade were cut away. It has to be remembered, too, that there was a brief period of agony when it seemed quite on the cards that the great merchant-bankers would have to suspend payment. During that trying time all the leading banks strove to fortify themselves by calling in their resources and increasing their reserves, thereby starving the supplies required to keep trade going briskly. While this was happening in England, the United States were profoundly stirred by the Silver Act and the M'Kinley Tariff, two innovations whose ultimate effect on external commerce could only be dimly guessed at. With all these untoward causes simultaneously in operation, it was inevitable that British exports and imports would be considerably reduced. Nor is it unlikely that the Returns for the present month will display similar shrinkage. The centre of the financial cyclone, after shattering credit in London, and leaving many sad wrecks behind it, has passed to New York and other American cities. They will not be able, consequently, to do the customary amount of business with England for some time to come, while she herself has suffered too severely from undue speculation to be in an enterprising mood. The only comfort is that this painful "shakedown," as the Stock Exchange calls it, will purify the air, and place commerce on a sounder footing.

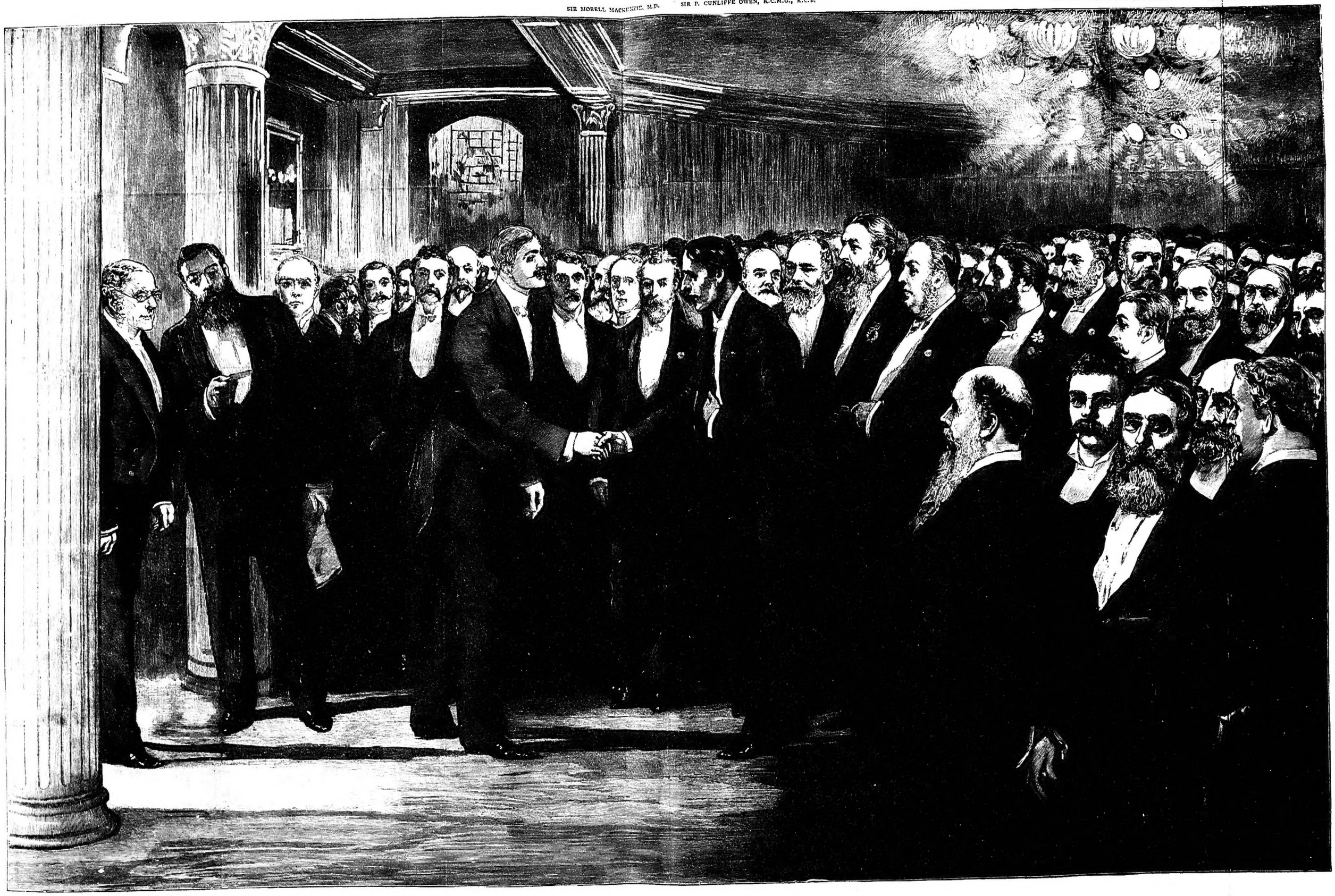
AUSTRALIAN POLITICS.——Since the collapse of the great strike, the political sayings and doings of our Antipodean cousins have ceased to be particularly attractive to European observers. One reason for this apathy is that colonial agitations and disputes chiefly turn on the question as to how or by whom the revenues shall be spent which are raised either by loan or by the taxation of the several colonies. Such matters are highly important to those who are on the spot, but they rarely embody any principle of world-wide interest. For example, there is the Queensland Separation Question, which Lord Knutsford would gladly relegate to the consideration of a Federated Australian Parliament, but which, under the existing constitutional restraints, the Home Government may be compelled to decide. Queensland is 1,250 miles long; the legislative metropolis, Brisbane, is at the southern extremity; and the northerners complain that the revenues which are extracted from their pockets by taxation are disposed of by the southern majority in Parliament. As the North is practically unanimous for Separation, while the South desires to keep things as they are, it would seem to be fair to let the North set up for itself. But Separation would bring other difficulties to the front, such as the responsibility for the loans contracted on the credit of the entire Colony, and the coloured labour question, concerning which the views of the Northern planters differ greatly from those of the Southern pastoralists. No wonder that Lord Knutsford feels in a fix. Again, in Victoria, the Gillies-Deakin Ministry has recently been deposed from office on a money-spending question. This Cabinet took a most generous view of railway development, and, as rural communities all over the Colony eagerly put in their claims, which were mostly endorsed by the Railway Commissioners, it was found that to construct all these new lines would involve a fresh loan of 40,000,000*l*. This was a pretty large order for a community not much exceeding a million souls, so the hitherto-disorganised Opposition took heart of grace, banded together, posed as the champions of economy, and carried a vote of "No confidence" in Mr. Gillies and his colleagues.

N.A.S.F.U.——There are probably few people outside the sons of labour employed in the shipping industry who know what these five initials stand for. Judging from present appearances, the public will be wiser on that head before long. The "National Associated Sailors' and Firemen's Union," backed by the United Labour Council of the Port of London, has almost challenged the federated shipowners to a trial of strength on precisely the same issue as led to the late Australian strike. No question either of pay or of hours of labour is at stake; battle is to be given on the sole ground that the shipowners claim to offer employment, on their own conditions, to unionists and non-unionists alike. Confident in the strength of their federation, and, no doubt, believing that winter is the most favourable time for fighting out the quarrel, the shipowners refuse absolutely to give way a single inch. They are convinced that the struggle must come sooner or later, it being evident that the labour-leaders are determined to produce, if they can, such a state of things as would compel all sailors and firemen to join the Union. That end would, of course, be in a fair way towards accomplishment if the shipowners once submitted to the present monstrous demand to exclude non-Unionists from their vessels. But as in Australia, so here in England, Capital recognises that the time has come for offering resolute resistance to the attempted tyranny, knowing well that one surrender would have to be followed by others, until all its profit-earning capacity had vanished. This being the attitude of the Shipping Federation, the only question is whether the leaders of the N.A.S.F.U. will be so reckless as to declare war at the very season of the year when slackness always settles down upon the shipping industry. They are greatly encouraged, no doubt, by the promise of the United Labour Council to give them support by issuing a boycotting decree against every contumacious firm. But they would do well to remember that only a comparatively small proportion of the London working-classes pay allegiance to the Council, and that there are thousands of unemployed sailors and firemen at one port and another who would sign and ship at once if they received the offer.

BREWERS IN COUNCIL.——At the Conference on Monday, the spokesmen of the brewers used some very plain language, and they were certainly justified in some of their complaints. Had the Psalmist lived nowadays he would have altered his warning into "Put not your trust in politicians." Mr. Bonsor pointed out with considerable force, how such men as Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt, nay even many of the Conservative Chiefs, had changed their attitude towards the brewing interest during the last twenty years. If this change were really due to a conscientious belief that the manufacture of alcoholic beverages was a noxious trade, which ought if possible to be prohibited, and should in any case be restricted, we might wonder at their narrow-mindedness, yet not impugn their consistency. But it is to be feared that Mr. Bonsor told the truth when he said that "certain weak-kneed politicians thought more of a United Kingdom Alliance telegram or letter than they did of their own knowledge of what is right or wrong." And the worst of it is that these slippery statesmen who are so anxious to swim with the stream often mistake for public opinion what is really only the opinion of a handful of loud-voiced well-organised faddists. As hinted above, the Liberals are not the only sinners in this respect. The Conservative Government acted in a feeble and shabby manner as regards alcoholic legislation during last Session. They tried, by a side-wind, to establish the principle of compensation for licences; then they got frightened at the teetotallers' clamour; and ultimately kept on the tax of threepence a barrel on beer which they had promised to take off. All these mistakes were due to the fact that their policy was dictated by expediency, and not by a genuine desire to do what they thought to be right.

NOCTURNAL NOISES.——The decision of Mr. Justice Romer in the Pelican Club case seems likely to provide a good deal of work for the legal profession. There are not a few people besides Mr. Wells who carry on businesses which disturb Her Majesty's lieges at untimely hours. A musical family next door, or a practitioner on the posthorn who salutes gay chanticleer at daybreak, are undoubtedly as great nuisances to the sufferers as the roaring crowds and shrill whistling were to the decorous inhabitants of Gerrard Street. For the matter of that, there are clubs not a hundred miles from Pall Mall and St. James's Street which must go in fear and trembling lest they should be haled before Mr. Justice Romer. He ruled against Mr. Wells on the ground that since it is not the usual practice of London householders to keep their premises habitually open for the reception of numerous guests up to five or six o'clock in the morning, a club proprietor cannot do so without rendering himself liable to an injunction. This decision, it will be seen, places clubs on the same footing as private premises in respect to nocturnal noises. But has not every British citizen the right to entertain his friends all night long, if his hospitality runs to that length? He has the right, but Mr. Justice Romer declares that it must only be exercised occasionally. He is plainly of opinion that an injunction would lie against any householder who disturbed his neighbours by giving entertainments night after night. We may expect, therefore, to hear of some sweet commotions in Mayfair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia next season, between those who consider night the proper time for sleep and those who regard it as set apart by Nature for high jinks. We are not, of course, so presumptuous as to cavil at Mr. Justice Romer's law, nor do we dispute that, in the special case before him, the noises accompanying the high celebrations at the Pelican Club constituted a very genuine nuisance. All we wish to point out is that the

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THE RECEPTION BEFORE THE BANQUET AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

wonderful institution in Gerrard Street does not stand by itself as a producer of din in the small hours. We say nothing of the boxing competitions and the mobs of roughs they collect; that is a detail peculiar, we believe, to the Pelican Club and its East End imitator, the Ormonde Club.

SKY-SIGNS, HOARDINGS, AND WALL ADVERTISEMENTS.—Whether rightly or wrongly, the London County Council shows the popular basis on which it rests by tackling all sorts of grievances which, unless compelled by public clamour, the old Board of Works would have let severely alone. For instance, it is going to apply to Parliament for the gradual extinction of sky-signs. All owners of such structures are to be licensed, no more sky-signs are to be put up, and at the end of six years they are all to come down. It is quite right that some restraints should be imposed on this enterprising form of attaining publicity, but this Bill goes rather far. We admit that sky-signs may become dangerous, especially after long exposure to the weather, but they are not really disfiguring, indeed they are sometimes rather interesting. The telegraph-wires which in many streets look like spiders' webs are certainly uglier, and in stormy or snowy weather are much more likely to cause serious accidents. Nor can we agree with the *Times* when it speaks of the street hoardings covered with advertisements as "abominations." We appeal to the lawyers and others who constantly traverse that narrow passage which runs between the Law Courts and Clement's Inn. Surely the advertisements there displayed, which constitute a gratis pictorial newspaper, render the passage far more attractive than if there were only naked deal boards to look at! It is significant that no one in this country proposes to tax these alleged nuisances. In France everything is pounced upon for Revenue purposes; so the Chamber has just agreed to tax wall-advertisements, and will thus net, it is reckoned, 120,000*l.* a year. With true Gallic ingenuity, and, we may fairly add, reasonableness, the duty is to be graduated according to the population of the localities in which the placards are affixed. But how about railway advertisements? The line may pass through a desert—in America it often does—the advertisements being intended only to catch the eyes of the passengers.

NOTICE.—*With this week's number is issued an* EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled,* "THE COMING OF AGE OF 'THE GRAPHIC.'"

THE

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OF

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THE

Loss of H.M.S. "Serpent"

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AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—EVERY EVENING till 5th January, except Saturdays 20th and 27th December, and 3rd January, when THE BELLS will be given. MATINÉES of RAVENSWOOD, Saturdays, 20th and 27th December, and 3rd January, and Wednesday, 24th December.

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Further particulars will be announced in due course.

C. DORMAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
R. VENNER, SECRETARY.

Our Illustrations

"DEPOSED"

TOWARDS the end of last week there seemed to be some probability that the disagreements which had broken out in the Irish Nationalist party would be settled by a compromise. It was arranged that if Mr. Gladstone would guarantee that his scheme of Home Rule would include Irish control of the Constabulary and Irish settlement of the Land Question Mr. Parnell would consent to retire from the leadership, thus, as he had previously observed, getting "good value" for himself. Mr. Gladstone, however, refused to be dictated to in this regard, whereupon the strife between the Parnellites was recommenced with greater acerbity than before, and, on the afternoon of Saturday last, after a series of stormy discussions, the majority of the members present quitted Committee Room No. 15, where they left Mr. Parnell in the Chair, with his faithful minority round him, and adjourned to the Conference Room. Here a motion was made and carried to the effect that "Mr. Parnell's term of Chairmanship of this party is hereby terminated." Another resolution appointed Mr. Justin M'Carthy "Sessional Chairman." But though Mr. Parnell is thus formally deposed by a majority of his Parliamentary adherents it by no means follows that he is virtually discrowned. The real decision must be made by the Irish people at home and abroad, and we shall not venture to prophesy who will win.

THE THREATENED AMERICAN INDIAN WAR

FOR some time past, not only in Dakota, but also throughout the vast regions of the north-western part of the United States, considerable unrest and agitation has prevailed among the Indian tribes. It is alleged that a Messiah has appeared who will deliver the red man from the tyranny of the whites, and the "braves" have also been whetting their warlike propensities by indulgence in ghost-dancing. As we stated last week, bad treatment on the part of the American Government and people is the exciting cause of this discontent. At all events, this is the view put forward by the Indians themselves. The other day a Roman Catholic missionary visited the hostile camp at Pine Ridge, and the Indians told him how the Great Father (President Harrison) had cheated them out of their rations, and had broken solemn promises by moving them from the territory allotted to them.

Sitting Bull, a Sioux Indian, was born in 1835. In his youth a noted hunter and warrior, in early middle age he gained influence and followers as a medicine-man and counsellor, besides being a bitter hater of the whites. After the Little Big Horn massacre of 1876, he retreated into British territory, and from thence made frequent raids. But, as his followers gradually diminished, he surrendered himself to the Americans, and after an imprisonment of two years was released. He is stated to be an active fomenter of the present discontents.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Barry. Our other portrait is of Tom Hunter, Chief of the Saline Valley Indians, a tribe some 150 strong, who are at present in a semi-civilised condition. The men principally employ themselves in hunting; the women, when taking horse-exercise, ride astride after the manner of the sterner sex.—Our engravings are from photographs sent by Mr. E. L. Fleming, 9, Woburn Place, W.C.

THE BELGIANS ON THE CONGO

See page 666

DEPARTURE OF LORD CARRINGTON

See page 679

COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

See page 667

THE BEHRING'S SEA SEAL FISHERIES

MR. JOHN R. RATHOM, of the Mayor's Office, Victoria, British Columbia, sends us some photographs from which our engravings are taken, and also an interesting paper on "The Sealing Industry of British Columbia," which want of space compels us now to summarise very briefly, but which hereafter we may find an opportunity to print in full.

The fur-bearing seal, which is the original owner of the jackets so much coveted by ladies, spends the winter months, from December to May, on the coast of California, but, as the sun grows powerful, makes for the Prybiloff Islands in Behring's Sea, where fish abound, and which, consequently, is an admirable breeding-ground. The seal-hunters, who go out in schooners from Victoria, British Columbia, have thus two fishing seasons—first, they attack the seals as they are journeying northwards; and then again a still more important pursuit takes place in Behring's Sea. So valuable is the seal-fishing here, that the Americans, now that Alaska forms part of the United States, desire that that tract ocean should be regarded as a *mare clausum*, but, as Lord Salisbury has pointed out, the Americans utterly repudiated such a doctrine when Alaska was Russian territory. We will, however, say nothing further here on this much-vexed question, except to remark that the most important matter of all is to prevent wanton destruction of the seals. The *Pathfinder*, shown in one of our cuts, is the vessel about which such a stir was made, being first captured and afterwards released by the Americans. The *Black Diamond* was noted for her cleverness in evading the American cruisers.

When the seal-region is entered, boats are lowered in pursuit of the animals, and after they are shot, their dead bodies are brought to the ship, where, after the skin and blubber has been carefully removed, the carcases are thrown overboard. The skins are thoroughly salted and spread out in the hold with the fat side up. On arrival at Victoria they are again salted, rolled, and put into barrels for shipment.

"THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA"

IN this picture Mr. John Collier has yielded to the desire which seems at different times to seize upon every painter. He has painted a very big picture. Big pictures, however, like big theatres, are less popular with the modern public than they were formerly. Nevertheless, there is no technical fault to be found with Mr. Collier's immense canvas. The work is designed and executed in a highly-accomplished manner. Mr. Collier represents the Queen lying dead upon her couch, at the foot of two colossal statues in her palace; on the floor near her feet Iras lies dead, and Charmian, with her harp in her hand, leans against the couch, and looks out as if expectant of the conqueror's approach. The recent production in Paris and London of plays in which Cleopatra figures as the heroine, by Messrs. Sardou and Shakespeare respectively, will heighten the spectator's interest in Mr. Collier's work.

"LE BUVEUR"

FRANZ HALS, of Haarlem, was trained in the school of Rembrandt, and, as his pictures show, was a worthy disciple of the great master. The utmost vivacity of conception, purity of colour, and breadth of execution are distinguishing characteristics of his



TOM HUNTER, CHIEF OF THE SALINE INDIANS, AND HIS FAMILY



SITTING BULL, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX INDIANS

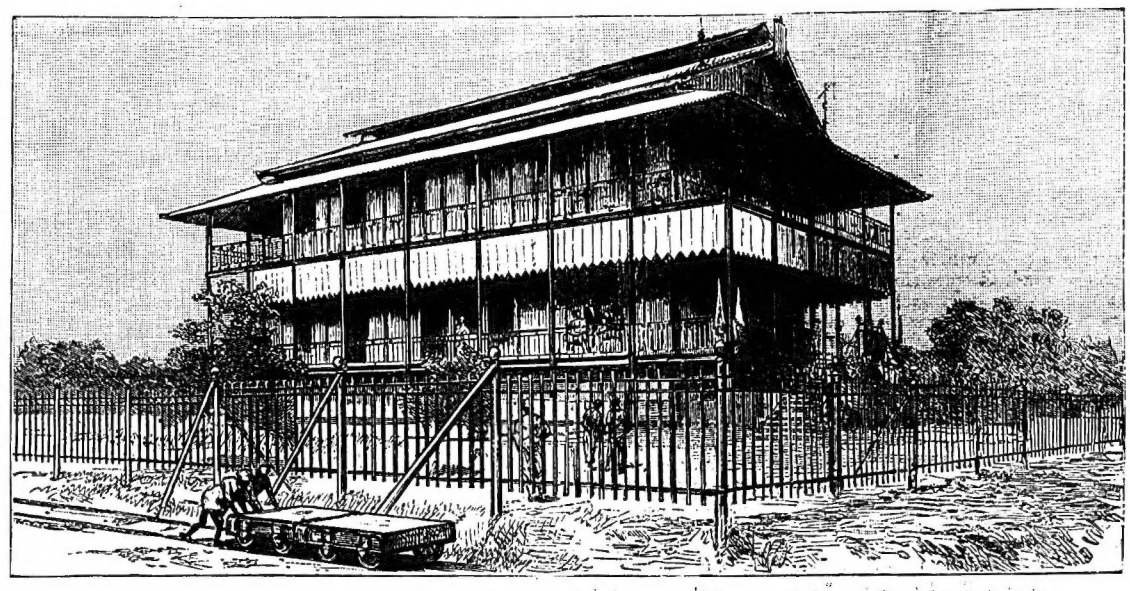


SITTING BULL ADDRESSING A MEETING OF "BRAVES"

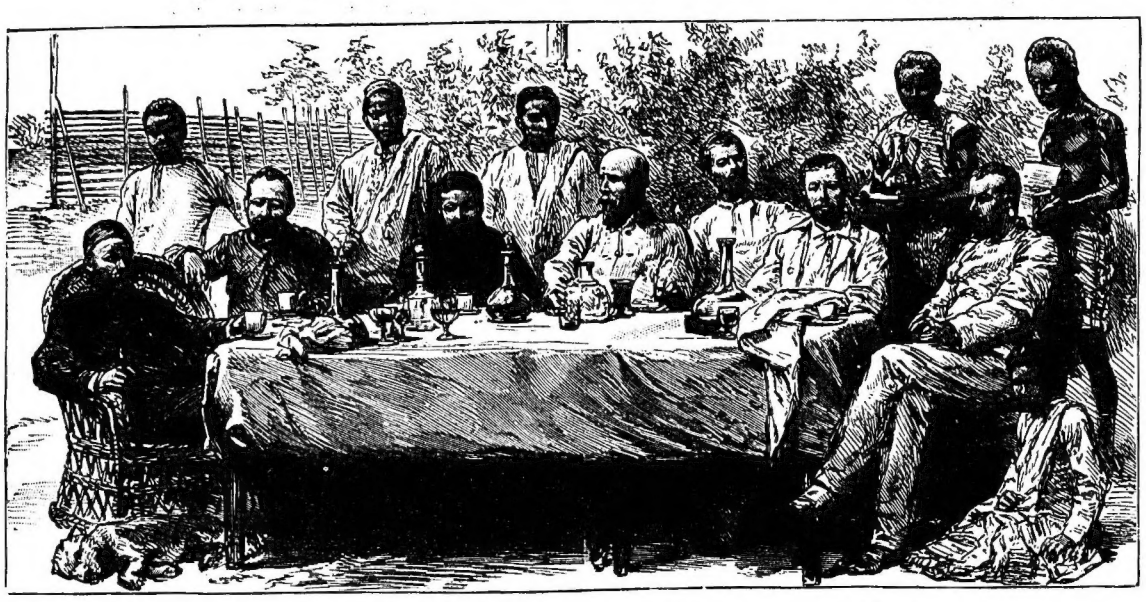
THE THREATENED RISING OF AMERICAN INDIANS



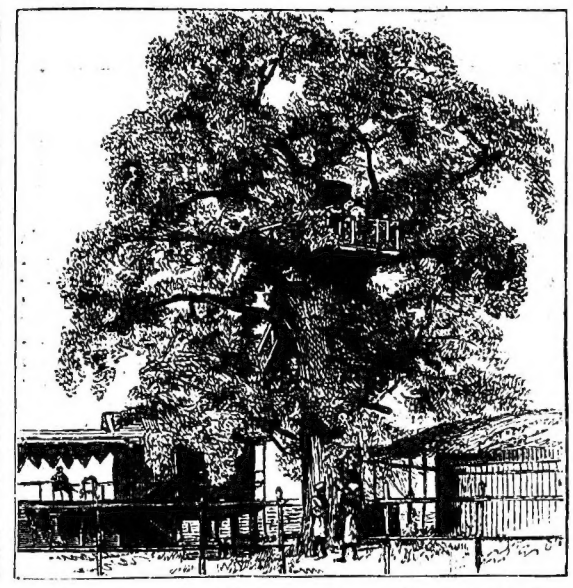
SIGNOR CORONA, ITALIAN CONSUL ON THE CONGO



THE HOTEL AT BOMA

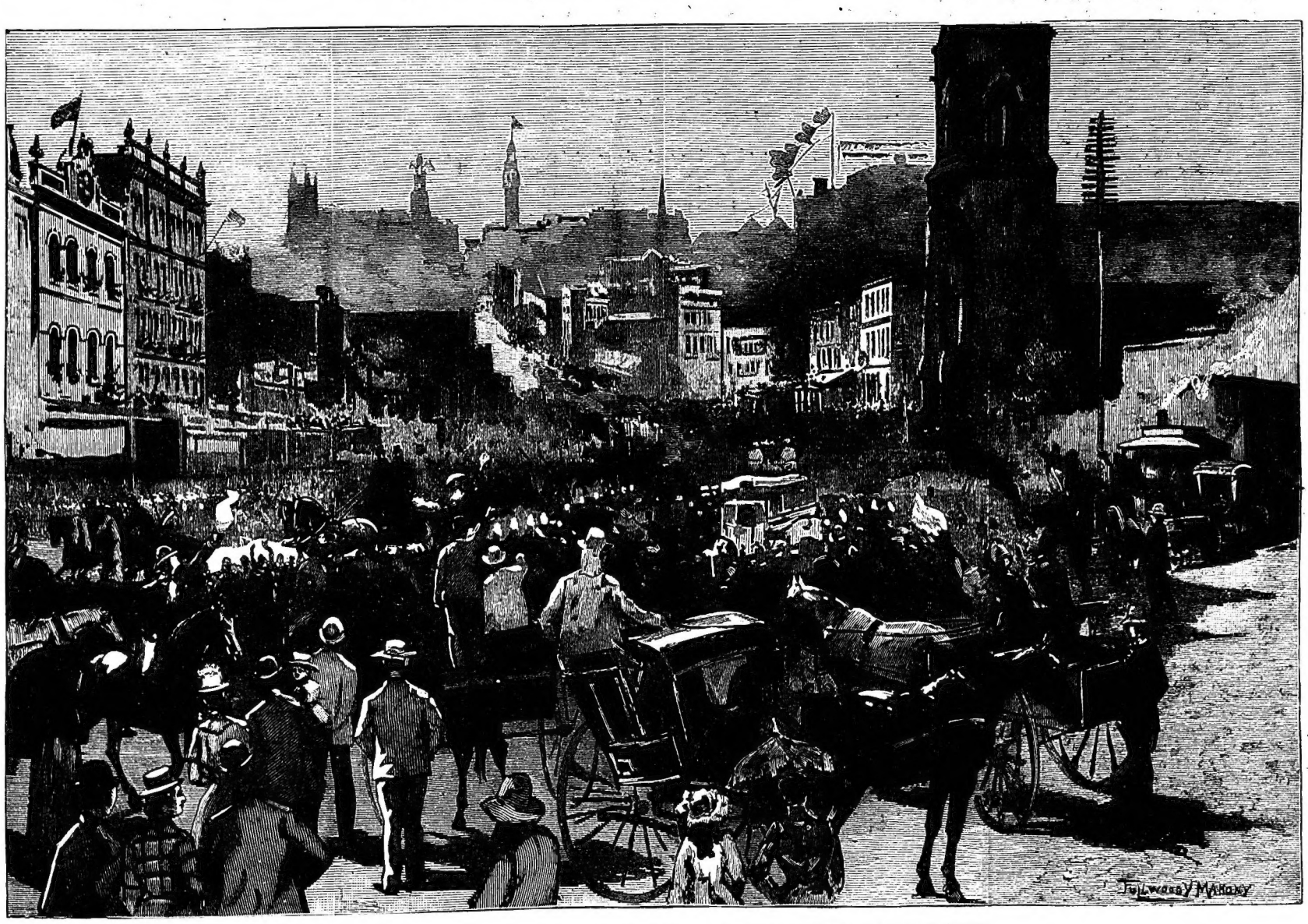


THE BANQUET GIVEN TO THE SOCIETY AT THE ITALIAN CONSULATE AT BOMA



THE ITALIAN CONSUL'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE, WITH THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS BUILT IN A TREE

THE BELGIAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY ON THE CONGO



THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN GEORGE STREET ON THE WAY TO THE RAILWAY STATION

THE DEPARTURE OF LORD AND LADY CARRINGTON FROM SYDNEY FOR ENGLAND

works. Besides the well-known "Regent-pieces," he was the author of numerous portraits, of which that here engraved is not one of the least famous. Indeed, he freely partook of the joys of conviviality which he could so well depict, and thus got into pecuniary troubles. He had to sell his goods and chattels, and became in his old age a pensioner of the State. He was born at Antwerp in 1584, and died in 1666.

THE SIERRA LEONE MARKET WOMEN

THERE is little competition in the labour market in Sierra Leone, and no rivalry between the sexes. The men generously allow the women to do all the work, talking included, reserving to themselves only the arduous duty of thought. They think hard, sitting all about the place, and when they are exhausted they go to sleep. There is a fine market-place in Sierra Leone, and the women bring their wares many miles to it on foot and by boat. The gossip and bustle of the place attracts them, and as a rule they would rather trudge the whole distance than dispose of their goods by the way; but sometimes energy flags before the goal is gained, and a tired woman will stop at a convenient corner, another will come up to cackle, a few more will pause to hear what the first two are talking about, then they show each other what they have got for sale, and in a few minutes they will have started an independent market of their own. Wherever they congregate it is Bedlam-let-loose in the way of cackling, shouting, chattering, laughing, and scolding. The scold is a familiar feature of every group, and so is the policeman, who watches the noisy quarrellers from afar off, or even comes up and joins the curious crowd of onlookers—presiding at the contest, as it were—but never interferes. His idea of his duty seems to be limited to the cultivation of a dignified demeanour, and when he has seen one set of squabblers settle their differences, he stalks off majestically down the middle of the road to the next group, exhibiting his *bâton*, by the way, under the impression probably that the powerful white man has bewitched some occult power of peace-making into it which renders further exertion on his part superfluous. F. M.

WALKER LABORATORY

See page 673

PARLIAMENT

THIS week has seen the close of a little Parliamentary Session, in its way the most remarkable known to the present generation. Opening on Tuesday, the 26th of November, and closing on Tuesday, the 9th of December, it, between those dates, accomplished a measure of work calculated to prepare Her Majesty's Ministers for spending a quite exceptionally merry Christmas. At the very outset there happened an event unknown at Westminster for fifteen years. At a single sitting—and that not unduly prolonged—the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was agreed to. What would happen in this respect was looked forward to with much curiosity. A Conservative Ministry, audacious in dealing with time-honoured Parliamentary institutions, had, as Sir Walter Barttelot sometimes observes, "gone one step farther," and revolutionised the form of the Address. Hitherto the Address has been an altogether useless and more or less prolix document, echoing paragraph by paragraph in parrot-like phrase the declarations in the Queen's Speech. Thus, for example, supposing in the Speech Her Majesty was made to say, "My Lords and Gentlemen,—I observe with much satisfaction that this is a fine day," the Address of the Commons would respond:—"We observe with satisfaction your Majesty's gracious observation on the state of the weather."

The object of this literary exercise was, at the time of its invention, reasonable enough. In the Queen's Speech, Ministers set forth in detail their policy and their programme for the coming year. If exception were taken to it upon any point, an amendment was moved on the particular paragraph in the Address which touched upon it. Serious debate took place, and sometimes an important division. Thereupon the question was settled for the Session, and thereafter wrangling round it ceased. Now, as everybody knows, the ingenuity of opposition has changed all that. The Address has been used as a kind of extended clothes-peg on which to hang an interminable series of amendments, offering opportunities for preliminary debates, to be supplemented through the Session by amendments, Bills, or motions for adjournment. To grapple with this growing scandal the Government resolved to vary procedure, substituting for the old twaddle a brief paragraph offering "humble thanks" for the gracious Speech.

There is too much reason to fear that the good fortune which awaited the Government and the House on the opening day of the new Session was due to other influences than to this altered procedure. Had the Opposition been in ordinary spirits they would have found means of raising a debate which would certainly have carried the Address the full length of a week. It was settled, long in anticipation of the meeting of Parliament, that a series of amendments should be moved in the form of additions to the modest paragraph which constituted the Address. But when Parliament met the Opposition were discovered in a state almost of collapse. The Irish members had bodily withdrawn from the scene, and the main wing of the party was literally speechless in its dismay and despair. These conditions lasted up to the close of last week, with the happiest results as far as the course of public business is concerned. Important Bills were quietly talked over and, though everything that it was useful to say *pro et con* was advanced, were quietly disposed of. The Tithes Bill, which has regularly made its appearance during the last four Sessions, being abandoned as hopeless at the close of each, at a single sitting passed the critical stage of second reading. When Parliament meets again on January 22nd the House of Commons will straightway go into Committee on this Bill, and there is every reasonable prospect that before February enters it will be through Committee.

Another Bill which the little Session just closed leaves in a similar advanced state is the Irish Land Purchase Bill. This is practically the measure that last year ranked as the principal plank in the Ministerial platform. Night after night was devoted to its consideration, but, when August drew near, it was found in an impossible state, and had to be abandoned. Now it will be taken in Committee on January 29th, a date at which, in ordinary times, the House of Commons has not yet met, and shivers in prospect of the dreary debate on the Address and the waste of time that usually takes place before Easter.

There were signs on Monday which reminded the House that the halcyon state existing during the preceding ten days was exceptional and temporary. It was created by the absence of the Irish members. On Monday they returned, and Mr. Tim Healy seized the earliest opportunity of making known the fact that the Irish party was not dead, but had merely been sleeping. Mr. Balfour, in an furtherance of orderly business ways accidentally established, moved the second reading of the second section of the Irish Land Bill, without taking up time by making a speech. There was sufficient reason for this in the fact that when moving the second reading of the other portion of the Bill he had included description and argument in favour of the supplementary scheme. To make another speech would merely be to repeat himself, and uselessly occupy the time of the House. But Mr. Tim Healy (who, when the House of Commons was discussing important Irish business, had been rowing in Committee Room No. 15 with his friends and colleagues) hotly denounced this procedure as contemptuous. He insisted upon having a speech—all to himself if need were—but he was poorly backed up by his compatriots, who have not as yet recovered their old form. After a while the flame flickered out, and the Bill passed the stage in time for members to get off and dress for dinner.

On Tuesday both Houses met again, and set themselves to the work of winding up business prior to adjournment for the Christmas holidays. There was not lacking a certain kind of shamefacedness at getting through work thus early and effectually. An attempt was made to re-establish an old reputation by the delivery of speeches from various parts of the House complaining of the arrangement of the order of Bills on the reassembling of Parliament. But it was a poor effort, and members were not only able to get off in time for dinner, but, if they had pleased, to join in the delights of five o'clock tea.

THE BELGIANS ON THE CONGO

THESE engravings depict various scenes and personages at Boma on the Congo, and are sent to us by Signor G. Corona, the Consular representative of the King of Italy at that place. In the month of August last the pioneer detachment of the Anti-Slavery Society of Belgium arrived at Boma, and Signor Corona took advantage of the opportunity to give a banquet in their honour. One of our engravings represents the scene, which is from a photograph by H. A. Shanu, Boma. M. Hinck, an officer of the Belgian Army, has been appointed to command the Expedition. Three fortified posts are to be established in the Lake region, one on the High Lomanis, one on the banks of Lake Lanchi, and one on Lake Tanganyika, near Cardinal Lavigerie's Mission at N'Pala. M. Van de Kerchove is in charge of the transports, through the cataract region; and a steamer, to be christened the *Cardinal Lavigerie*, will ply between Leopoldville and the High Lomanis. Among other persons present at the banquet was the Superior of the Boma Mission, and Captain C. Coquilhat, of the Belgian Army, Lieut.-Governor of the Congo at Boma. Another engraving (also by H. A. Shanu) represents the hotel at Boma, opened for business on the 1st April last; and another the Consul's house, overshadowed by a noble baobab tree; in the branches has been erected an airy habitation (probably



CAPTAIN COQUILHAT
Lieutenant-Governor of the Congo at Boma

for the purpose of getting cool air at night) something after the fashion of those *maisons de Robinson* which used to be seen in the outskirts of Paris.—Our portrait of M. Corona is from a photograph by Calzolari, Milan; that of Captain Coquilhat by J. Ganz, Brussels.

HOME.

THE ARENA OF THE CONFLICT between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites is transferred from the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons to Ireland. Mr. Parnell left London for Dublin on Tuesday night to open a campaign on Irish soil. Sympathisers had assembled to witness his departure, and, as there was some demand for a speech, he advanced to the railway carriage-window, and asked "the exiles of Erin" to give him in the future the support which he had received from them in the past, winding up with an emphatic expression of the hope that "they would achieve the end which God had determined for them." He arrived in Dublin early on Wednesday morning, and met with an enthusiastic reception, while groans saluted Mr. Healy, M.P., as he descended from the railway carriage, in which he had completed a journey from London, made simultaneously (so near and yet so far) with that of his quondam leader. Before noon Mr. Parnell had taken a decided step by seizing, as the principal shareholder, the plant of *United Ireland*, stopping the issue of the current edition, ejecting the acting editor, and placing in occupation of the premises a representative of his own. The first battle of the war in Ireland will be fought in North Kilkenny, where the Nationalist candidate, Sir J. Pope Hennessey, has pronounced against Mr. Parnell's leadership on the ground that, being a Roman Catholic, he must obey the Irish hierarchy of his communion who have passed on Mr. Parnell a sentence of political excommunication. Mr. Parnell has nominated a "Mr. Barry O'Brien, Author," as his candidate to contest the seat.

THE DEATH, in his ninety-third year, is announced of the first Lord Cottesloe, once well known in public life as Sir Thomas Fremantle. He entered the House of Commons as member for Buckingham in 1826, retaining that seat until 1846, having been in the meantime one of the Secretaries to the Treasury in Sir Robert Peel's first and second Administrations, and, in the last year of the latter, Irish Secretary. In 1846 he was appointed Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Customs, and afterwards was its Chairman until 1873, being raised to the Peerage by Lord Beaconsfield in 1874. He married, in 1824, a daughter of Field-Marshal Sir George Nugent, and is succeeded by his eldest son, who married a sister of the Earl of Eldon.

THE LORD MAYOR, very influentially supported, presided at a meeting, held in the Guildhall on Wednesday, to protest against the renewed persecution of the Jews in Russia. An appropriate resolution was moved by the Duke of Westminster, seconded by the Bishop of Ripon, and supported by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. In the course of his speech, the Duke of Westminster said that they believed the Emperor of Russia to be a humane man, and he doubted whether the Emperor knew or could realise the present condition of the Jews in his dominions, expressing a similar doubt as to the Empress's knowledge of the misery of the women and children among her Jewish subjects. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

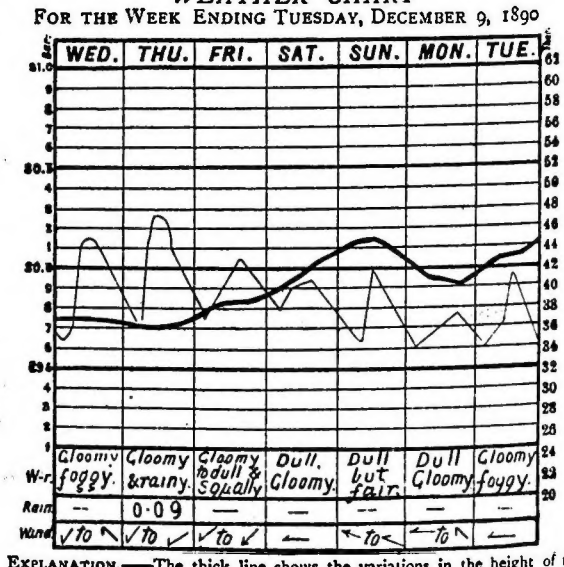
THE PROCEEDINGS of the London County Council at its meeting on Tuesday were more than usually interesting. The demolition of insanitary dwellings in Bethnal Green, previously referred to in this column as resolved on by the Council, raised the question of housing in the meantime the occupiers who will be thus displaced. The Council's Housing of the Working Classes Committee recommended the acquisition of an adjacent area on which should be erected, at the expense of the ratepayers, suitable dwellings to accommodate those displaced. The Chairman of the committee, Earl Compton, announced, however, the withdrawal of this recommendation, as the owner of the site intended to erect cottage dwellings to re-house about 200 of the working-class. After the recess his committeee are to submit a full report as to re-housing in connection with the Bethnal Green scheme. The Council next, after a discussion, endorsed the proposal of its Parliamentary Committee to introduce a Bill for the prohibition and regulation of sky-signs, all of which, according to one of its provisions, will have to be removed absolutely at the end of six years at furthest. After another discussion, the Council adopted the recommendation from the Special Committee on Water Supply that it should ask the Government to institute an immediate inquiry as to whether any and what steps should be taken to provide a new and better supply of water in view of the growing inadequacy, as regards both quantity and quality, of the supply of water from the Thames-basin, to meet the wants of the rapidly-growing population of the metropolitan area.—Miss Cobden and Miss Cons have resolved to appeal against the decision of Mr. Justice Day, recently reported in our columns. In the meantime they will defer to it by not speaking and voting, while from time to time sitting and listening in the Council and its Committees.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, as a member of the Charity Organisation Society, approves of the letter of its secretary, Mr. Loch, animaverting on General Booth's scheme, which, therefore, his Grace declines to support. On the other hand, Lord Meath, who is also a member of that society, replies to some of those hostile comments made by Mr. Loch and Professor Huxley which were referred to in this column last week, and pleads for a fair trial being given to the scheme. In a second letter, Professor Huxley returns to the charge, and, accusing General Booth of denouncing thrift and self-respect as sin, and of ascribing the misery of starving men to the sins of capitalists, adds, sarcastically, that "the gospel according to Mr. Booth may save souls, but it will hardly save society." Meanwhile, the subscriptions to the General's scheme flow in, and his fund now amounts to more than 70,000*l*.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, much regretted by members of the House of Commons and by a large circle of friends, of Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons (to whom she was married in 1862), daughter of Mr. William S. Dugdale, of Merevale, Warwickshire, and sister of Mr. John S. Dugdale, Q.C., M.P. for the Nuneaton Division of Warwickshire; suddenly, of the Countess of Ravensworth, daughter of the late Captain O. Gunning Sutton, R.N., who was married in 1852; in his seventy-fourth year, of Sir William R. Drake, senior partner of the firm of Bircham and Co., who had been engaged in the formation of important public companies. One of the founders of the Devonshire Club, he was knighted by Mr. Gladstone in 1869. He had a considerable knowledge of Art, being Chairman of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and editor of a catalogue of the etched work of Mr. Francis Seymour. He was one of the oldest members of the Society of Antiquaries, and contributed to the "Archæologia" and other antiquarian publications. Also, in his thirty-sixth year, of Mr. Charles Marvin, the well-known writer on Central Asian questions. He was employed for a time in the Foreign Office, his connection with which was terminated by a still-remembered and regretable incident. He became a productive writer on the Russo-Indian question, raising a warning voice in regard to the advance of the Russians towards India; and in his sixty-fourth year, of General Reginald Y. Shipley, Colonel Lincolnshire Regiment.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (9th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been exceedingly dull and gloomy in nearly all parts of the country. Broadly speaking, pressure has been highest to the Northward and lowest to the Southward of our Islands, so that cold North-Easterly to Easterly breezes, which occasionally blew with the force of a slight gale in places, were very prevalent. Rain fell daily at a few stations, but with the exception of a fall of over an inch, which was measured on the morning of Saturday (6th inst.) at Prawle Point, was mostly of a light character. Very dull skies or heavy gloom were experienced from day to day over the major portions of the country, with mid-day temperatures below the average pretty generally, and slight frost at night occasionally at some inland stations. As a whole, temperature has been somewhat above the average in Scotland, and some parts of Ireland, but below it elsewhere, chiefly over Eastern and Central England. Maxima rarely exceeded 45° anywhere, and frequently failed to rise as high as 40°, while minima mostly stood at about 35°, the lowest readings of all showing a few degrees of frost in Scotland as well as in the East of England.

The barometer was highest (30·13 inches) on Sunday (7th inst.); lowest (29·70 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range 0·43 inch.

The temperature was highest (45°) on Thursday (4th inst.); lowest (32°) on Monday (8th inst.); range 13°.

Rain fell on one day. Total amount 0·09 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·09 inch on Thursday (4th inst.)

CHURCH NEWS

THE ACCOMPLISHED DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, DR. CHURCH, died on Tuesday morning at Dover, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was born in 1815, and after a distinguished career at Oxford became a Fellow of Oriel. He was for many years Rector of Whatley, a small living in Somersetshire. His writings and sermons, among the latter those preached before the University, gained him a considerable reputation, and being also a Liberal in politics and a High Churchman, in 1871 he was offered by Mr. Gladstone, and he accepted, the Deanery of St. Paul's, vacant through the death of Dr. Mansel. Dean Church was a thoughtful rather than an eloquent preacher, and it was his writings more than his sermons that made him known to the outside world. The most noticeable of his books was his biography of St. Anselm. A second collection of his essays was issued not long since, and he contributed the monographs on Spenser and Bacon to Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" Series.

THE REV. PROFESSOR CREIGHTON, Canon of Worcester, succeeds the late Rev. Capel Cure as Canon of Windsor, and is succeeded as Canon of Worcester by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, who, for the present at least, will retain the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair. Canon Creighton is Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, is the author of several meritorious historical works, and editor of the *English Historical Review*. Canon Shore is the author of religious and other works, editor of the *Quiver*, and is, or was, a literary adviser of Messrs. Cassell and Co.

THE *Record* announces "with great pleasure" that Prebendary Walsh, Secretary of the London Diocesan Home Mission, has accepted the See of Mauritius.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The first of a series of sermons on Foreign Missions, to be delivered in Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoons, has been preached by the Bishop of Minnesota, who gave interesting details of mission-work, especially among the North-American Indians, speaking of their character in very high terms.—The Tract Editorship of the Religious Tract Society has been conferred on the Rev. J. P. Hobson, Vicar of Stanstead Abbotts, a well-known tract-writer, whose views of Nonconformity are very liberal.—Memorial windows have been placed in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Holloway, representing four of the recently beatified English Roman Catholic martyrs, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, and Edmund Campion, the Jesuit.—The death, in his seventy-second year, is announced of the Rev. Alfred W. Mason, Hon. Canon of St. Albans Cathedral, recently Vicar of Dedham, an active member of the Bishop of St. Alban's Fund, and for his benevolence much esteemed in Essex; and of the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, an ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, while on an Evangelistic tour among the Wesleyan Churches of Cape Colony.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE twenty-ninth winter exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall East suffers little by comparison with any of its recent predecessors. Several of the most able figure-painters belonging to the Society exhibit nothing, and the contributions of some others are rather disappointing; but, on the other hand, the finished landscapes and sea-views, and the very numerous studies painted directly from Nature are varied and interesting, and include some of rare excellence. Especially noteworthy among them are the five small drawings by Mr. A. W. Hunt. They all show the artist's power of retaining the freshness of immediate observation in his finished work, and in two of them, "Sunlit Shower: Warkworth" and "Hastings, Twilight," very evanescent effects of atmosphere and light are most truthfully rendered. Like these, Mr. Albert Godwin's small view of "Maidstone," suffused by misty evening light, and his poetical night study of "The Ponte Vecchio, Florence," are remarkable for their refined beauty and truth of tone. Mr. Goodwin also sends a large and effective study of stormy sea and sky, "Afterglow in the Mediterranean," glowing with rich colour and painted with decisive firmness. Mr. F. Powell has a fresh and luminous drawing of "Breaking Waves," and Mr. Henry Moore an admirable little study of water-worn rocks on the Jersey coast, entitled "Prawners." Mr. Thorne Waite sends many out-door studies, all vividly suggestive of Nature; and two or three more finished drawings, of which the full-toned and spacious view on "Danbury Common" strikes us as the best. Mr. Herbert Marshall's drawing of "Old Chelsea" on a sunny afternoon; Mr. David Murray's "At Pulborough;" Mr. Matthew Hale's richly-wooded river-scene, "Stepping Stones—Bolton Abbey;" and Mr. Waterlow's view of a picturesque red-roofed "Old Town," are good examples of their familiar styles.

Sir John Gilbert's sketchy picture, "The Death of Adonis," cannot be regarded as a good rendering of the subject, but it has the rich harmony of colour and artistic breadth of treatment seldom absent from his works. A small Oriental interior, inhabited by a fair Circassian girl and a Nubian slave, called "Ebony and Pearl," by Mr. H. D. Henshall, is chiefly remarkable for its fine quality and harmonious arrangement of colour, and for the skilful way in which the varied surfaces and textures of the costumes are rendered. In Mr. C. Robertson's very large Moorish scene, "Loot," the figures are quite subordinate to the weapons of various kinds, the rich draperies, the jewels, and other still-life objects crowded together in the foreground. These things, which constitute the real *raison d'être* of the picture, are painted with elaborate care and great imitative skill. Besides several smaller works, Mr. R. W. Allan has a large drawing of a picturesque German market-place, crowded with figures, "Kirchweihe," full of movement and daylight, and painted in a very forcible, but rather loose and reckless manner. Mr. S. J. Hodson's "The Corso, Verona," and his smaller view of "St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich," have breadth and unity of effect, as well as accurate architectural draughtsmanship and truth of local colour. By Mr. H. S. Marks there is a small half-length figure, "The Jolly Miller," almost identical with one that has been exhibited here before; and by Mr. F. Smallfield, a very dextrously-handled sketch of a London Club-room with many figures—apparently portraits—illumined by electric light. The monotone drawings include a few pen-and-ink studies for illustrations that have appeared in *Punch* by Mr. G. Du Maurier; and four decorative panels by Mr. Walter Crane, in which "The Seasons" are typified by draped female figures, remarkable neither for beauty of form nor grace of attitude.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY

AT this gallery may now be seen a collection of pictures by some of the numerous artists who habitually find their subjects at Newlyn, St. Ives, Falmouth, and other places on the Cornish coast. A few of them, including Mr. Frank Bramley's "Domino," and Mr. Stanhope Forbes's picturesque village scene, "The Bridge," have been exhibited before. Mr. Forbes also sends a recently-finished French landscape, "The Convent," admirable for its rendering of suffused light, its vivid freshness, and truth of colour, and entirely unlike, in treatment as well as in subject, any of his previous works. Mr. H. S. Tuke has a small picture of fishing girls and men, "On the Jetty," harmonious in composition and colour, and redolent of the salt freshness of sea air. The same good qualities are seen in Mr. Walter Langley's finished water-colour picture, "By the Sea," representing a gracefully-posed fisherman's wife, with an infant in her arms, looking over a sea-wall at the distant boats. Mr. Langley's smaller drawing of a heavily-laden old "Fish Wife" is strikingly true in character, and painted in excellent style. Beside it hangs an admirable luminous little picture of "Fishing Boats" in a stormy sea, by Mr. Adrian Stokes. Mr. Louis Grier has a very delicately-toned and spacious sea-coast view, "The Ebb of Day," and a vigorously-painted and effective study of stormy sea and sky, "Where Breakers Roar." By Mr. Lester Sutcliffe there is a capital little sea study suffused by vaporous mist, "Early Morning;" and by Mr. Edward E. Simmons a large coast scene, "After the Storm," in which rapidly-moving clouds, illumined by warm afternoon sunlight, are extremely well drawn and painted. Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's small "Déjeuner à l'Hotel de Paris, Boulogne," is deficient in breadth and over-black in the shadows, but the figures are distinct types of character, natural in gesture, and most dexterously painted.

In a smaller room are ranged a series of small pastel drawings by Mr. James Guthrie, one of the most original and accomplished of the younger Scotch artists. They show great diversity of subject, but, without any obvious reason, the artist has given them no titles. We have hitherto known Mr. Guthrie chiefly as a landscape-painter, but there are here some single female figures and groups showing that he has a keen and sympathetic perception of natural grace and beauty. He is a fine colourist, and has acquired complete mastery over the method. There are several landscape studies, and some drawings of labourers at work, in which landscape and figures are most artistically combined, remarkable alike for their subtle quality of tone and the economy of means employed in their production. They are, as pastels should be, above all things suggestive. In scarcely any of them is there a superfluous line or a touch without a purpose.

LEGAL

THE DEATH, at the age of seventy-three, is announced of Mr. Baron Huddleston, "the last of the Barons," as he was called, his being the latest appointment to the old Court of Exchequer. The son of a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery, he matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was for a time usher at a school at Worcester. He was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1839, and, joining the Oxford Circuit, attained a position which gained him silk in 1857. He had also a considerable practice at the Old Bailey and the Middlesex Sessions. He became in 1865 Conservative M.P. for Canterbury, which he represented till 1868, when he was defeated. Having in the meantime married Lady



MR. BARON HUDDLESTON
Born 1817. Died Dec. 5, 1890

Diana Beauclerk, sister of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, he declined the Solicitor-Generalship offered him by Mr. Disraeli in 1874, a few months after he had re-entered the House of Commons as member for Norwich. In 1875 he was appointed a Judge of the Common Pleas, and in the same year was transferred to the Exchequer. He proved what is called a "strong Judge," by whom juries were powerfully influenced. In the celebrated libel action, Belt *v.* Lawes, it was largely through his summing-up that the sculptor-plaintiff obtained a verdict with 5,000*l.* damages. Mr. Baron Huddleston was fond of telling anecdotes on the Bench, and mixed much with society, in which his geniality and fascination of manner made him a great favourite. The judicial vacancy caused through his death has been filled by the appointment to be a Justice of the High Court of Mr. Robert S. Wright, who was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1865, and has been for several years Common Law Junior Counsel to the Treasury.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham.

THE EXECUTION OF MRS. PEARCEY has been fixed for Tuesday, the 23rd inst., at eight A.M. She received the intimation with unconcern. During an interview with her mother, she protested her complete ignorance of the murders. The prisoner's friends assert that she is subject to epileptic fits.

MR. JUSTICE ROMER, after a protracted trial, has delivered an elaborate judgment in the action brought against the proprietor of the Pelican Club by neighbours, who complained of it as a nuisance. The decision does not prohibit any of the varied entertainments ranging from concerts to boxing-matches given at the club, but it imposes certain stringent conditions in connection with them. The pugilistic encounters must be so arranged that crowds shall not assemble in front of the premises. Members may still remain listening to music vocal and instrumental, or otherwise enjoying themselves, all night, if they please, but after midnight no cab is to approach until the hour of 7 A.M., so that the slumbers of neighbours may not be disturbed. One very noticeable expression of opinion by the Judge was that even private hospitality must not be so frequently dispensed as to give decided annoyance to the entertainer's neighbours. Thus the controversy which has been raging in regard to the doings of the Pelican Club may be transferred from Soho to Mayfair and Belgravia.

MR. WONTNER, when prosecuting at the Westminster Police-court in a number of summonses against the owners of unmuzzled dogs, referred to the announcement that the Rabies Order, in so far as it affected the metropolis, was soon to be withdrawn. Its continuance, he said, would perhaps be only for weeks, certainly for not more than two or three months. He hoped, therefore, that a disposition would be shown not to disregard it. The magistrate remarked that even if the Order was to be withdrawn in a day's time, it must be obeyed, and he inflicted a fine of 1*l.* on each of twenty-three defendants.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.——The Kempton Park meeting produced nothing of much note except the usual crop of objections. Gamecock, Teviot, and St. Galmier were among the winners. The last-named scored again at Sandown Park, where the Prince of Wales' Steeplechase was won by Balderdash, the Grand Annual Hurdle Race by Promoter, and the Great Sandown Steeplechase by Lord Chatham. Mr. Abington was in the saddle again, and scored a victory on Hugger-Mugger.

Otherwise, Turf news is almost a blank, and racing men have been chiefly interested in Sir George Chetwynd's views on the "Jockey Ring" and other sporting matters, as expressed in his *New Review* article.

FOOTBALL.——In the League Competition on Saturday Everton beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers, and thus regained the first place. Preston North End suffered another defeat—their fifth—at the feet of Notts County. In the Association Cup Qualifying Competition the 93rd Highlanders beat Ipswich, and the Crusaders the London Caledonians. In the draw for the Competition proper, the Southern Clubs have fared fairly well. Birmingham St. George's, Notts Forest, and Derby County have to come South to meet Crusaders, Clapton, and Royal Arsenal respectively; while the Casuals, Old Westminsters, and 93rd Highlanders go North. Rugbywise we must note the victories of Yorkshire over Surrey in the County Championship Competition, of London Scottish over Richmond, and of Blackheath over the Old Leysians. The match between Oxford and Cambridge on Wednesday had to be postponed, owing to a dense fog, till next term.

ROWING.——"Honest John" Phelps, once a sculler of some note, but best known as the Judge of the University Boat Race till 1877, when he gave the celebrated "dead heat by a yard" decision, died on Saturday, at the age of eighty-five.

BILLIARDS.——Roberts beat North and Taylor last week, but has a somewhat harder task this week with Richards, to whom he concedes 5,000 in 12,000. Meanwhile the champion has offered 12,000 in 24,000 to any player in the world, to which Peall has replied with an offer to play him 15,000 up on even terms. But as Roberts obviously means "spot-barred," and Peall as obviously "spot in," no business is likely to result. Peall has opened his new room with a match against M'Neil; while at the Aquarium, Dawson, who beat Mitchell in an exciting spot-barred match last week, is now meeting the same player in an "all in" game.

CRICKET.——The County Cricket Council came to an inglorious end after three years' existence on Monday last. A heated discussion having taken place on the proposal of Warwickshire *re* the translation of counties from class to class, Mr. A. J. Webbe moved to suspend the proceedings of the Council *sine die*, and this was carried by the casting vote of the chairman, Mr. Ellison. Let us hope we shall hear no more of official county classification. At present the sporting reporters do it unofficially, and do it very well. ——Midwinter, formerly of the Australian team and Gloucestershire, is dead.

SWIMMING.——J. Nuttall won all his seven races in the Half-Mile Tournament at the Aquarium last week, and in one of them accomplished the distance in 12 min. 8¼ secs. (record).

BOXING.——Slavin and Jackson are matched to meet in Australia.—The 100*l.* competition at the Kennington Social Club was won by F. Johnson (Hackney), who beat S. Abbott (Westminster) in the final.

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

THURSDAY, last week, was the twenty-first birthday of this journal, which first saw the light on December 4th, 1869. The event was celebrated by a dinner at the Hotel Métropôle in honour of Mr. W. L. Thomas, the founder of the paper, and its mainstay throughout its career. So many men of mark in the realms of Art, Letters, and Science, were anxious to do honour to Mr. Thomas that the Whitehall Room of the Métropôle was more than filled, and the overflow was accommodated in the Victoria Salon hard by. An interesting feature of the evening was the reception which preceded the dinner. Each guest was in turn presented to Professor Herkomer, R.A., who presided; and much interest was evinced by the surrounding circle as each well-known name was called out in sonorous tones by the toastmaster, who, by the way, both in voice and feature, showed a remarkable resemblance to the famous cricketer, Dr. W. G. Grace. At length dinner was announced, and the company adjourned to the Whitehall Room. Here we must spare a line to mention the excellent manner in which everything was done by the Métropôle management. In particular there was what public dinners nowadays occasionally lack—a plentiful supply of waiters. Consequently the soup was hot; the "Punch *au Graphic*" was cold; and the guests were able to do ample justice to the many courses set before them. After dinner there was a sigh of relief when the Chairman, with a humorous twinkle, announced "Gentlemen, I regret to say that you may smoke," and the real business of the evening began. In a few well-chosen words the Chairman proposed the toasts of "The Queen," "The Prince of Wales," and "The Rest of the Royal Family," remarking on the encouragement that Art had always received from them; "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces" had full justice dealt out to them by Sir John Pender and Colonel Fitz George; and then came the toast of the evening.

In proposing "Our Guest," Mr. W. L. Thomas, Professor Herkomer was mainly autobiographical. In grim earnest, but with occasional lighter touches, he described his own early struggles; how he had purchased a wood-block, on which he drew a gipsy encampment, and then carried it in fear and trembling to *The Graphic* office; how Mr. Thomas received him courteously, gave him excellent advice, and not only took that block, but asked for more; and how that reception laid the foundation of his success. Then, in conclusion, he said that what Mr. Thomas had done for him he had done for many others. "You have now heard enough to know how much of the Art of the present day we owe to the good man at my side."

Mr. Augustus Helder then rose to detail the circumstances attending the formation of the Testimonial Committee, of which he was the Chairman, and read letters of regret at their inability to attend from the Prince of Wales, the Primate, Sir Frederick Leighton, and many others. Then, on behalf of the proprietors, for whom Mr. Thomas had done so much, he presented to him the very handsome service of plate which, standing on the table behind the Chairman, had been the object of much admiration. This consisted of two very handsome silver lamps and seven silver bowls of varying sizes. These, which were of Queen Anne's design with "batswing" chasing, and were mounted on ebony plinths, were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. The largest of them bore the inscription: "Presented to William Luson Thomas, Esq., by the Proprietors of *The Graphic* Newspaper, as a token of their regard and esteem, and in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him in originally founding *The Graphic*, and, subsequently, by his



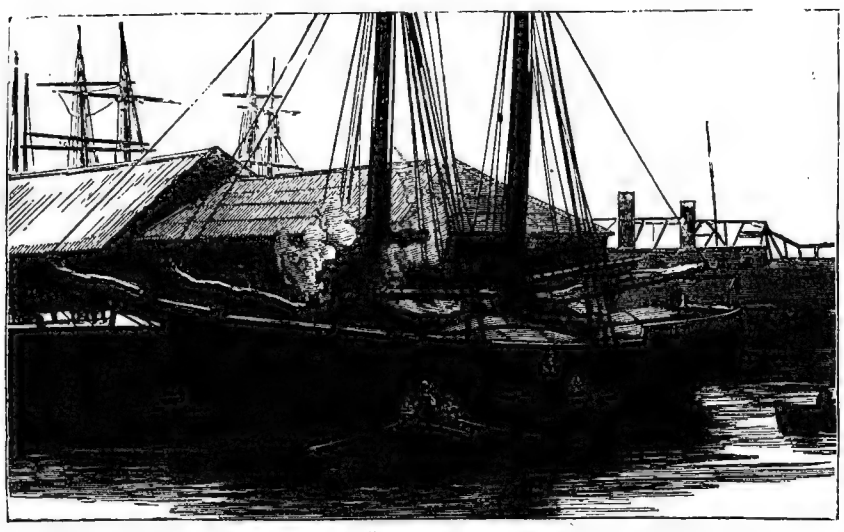
PRESENTATION MADE TO W. L. THOMAS, ESQ., R.I., BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE GRAPHIC"

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

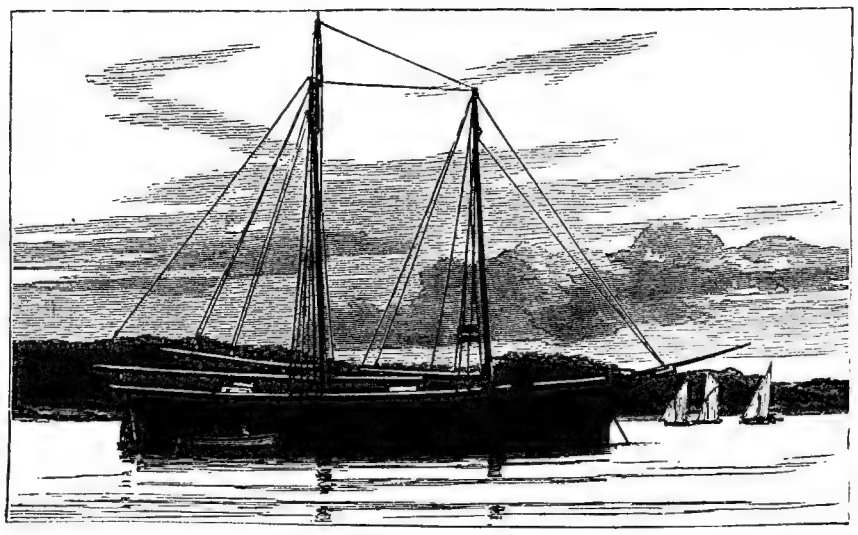
ability and energy, contributing so much towards its successful development and present high position as an Illustrated Newspaper." A handsome diamond bracelet was also presented to Mrs. Thomas.

In his reply, Mr. Thomas briefly sketched some of the incidents of his own early career, from the time he left Bath as a boy of six on the top of a coach, through his wanderings on the Continent and in America, up to the foundation of *The Graphic*; and then went on pay a generous tribute to the many artists and writers who have done so much under his and Mr. Arthur Locker's leadership to make *The Graphic* what it is to-day.

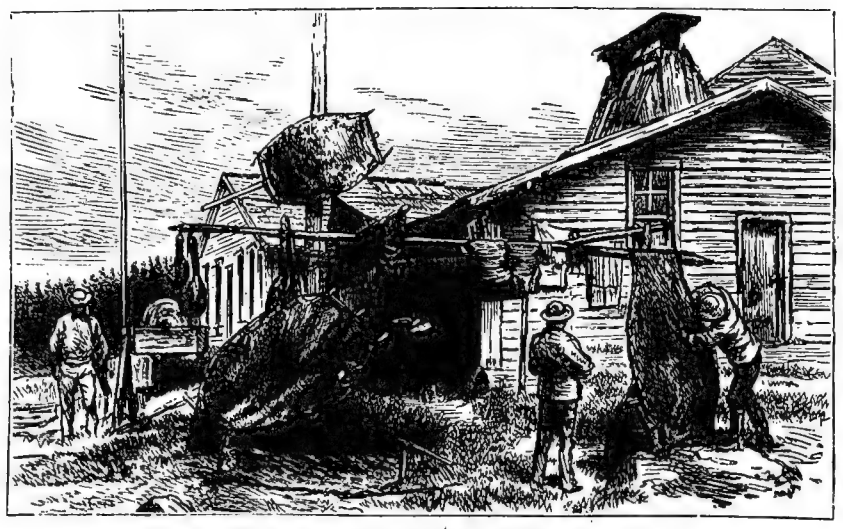
Of the remaining speeches little need be said. Mr. Marcus Stone proposed, and Mr. Raikes replied for, "Lords and Commons;" Art was attended to by Sir Cunliffe Owen and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.; "Literature" was proposed by Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., who, in the course of a delightfully bright little speech, remarked that most of us had dabbled in fiction—in some it might have taken the form of a three-volume novel: in others only the drafting of an affidavit—and replied for by Mr. Walter Besant, who calculated that a writer in *The Graphic* addressed four millions of readers every week; Baron Henry de Worms and Sir Spencer Wells looked after "Science;" and Sir Morell Mackenzie proposed the "Health of the Chairman," which was greeted heartily. It was past midnight before a very enjoyable evening came to an end.



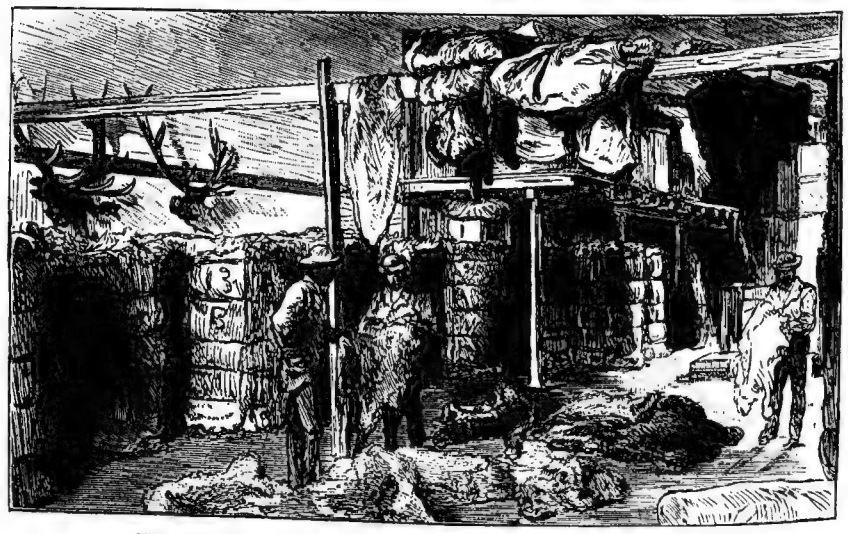
THE BRITISH SCHOONER "PATHFINDER" CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS BUT AFTERWARDS RELEASED



THE "BLACK DIAMOND" IN HARBOUR

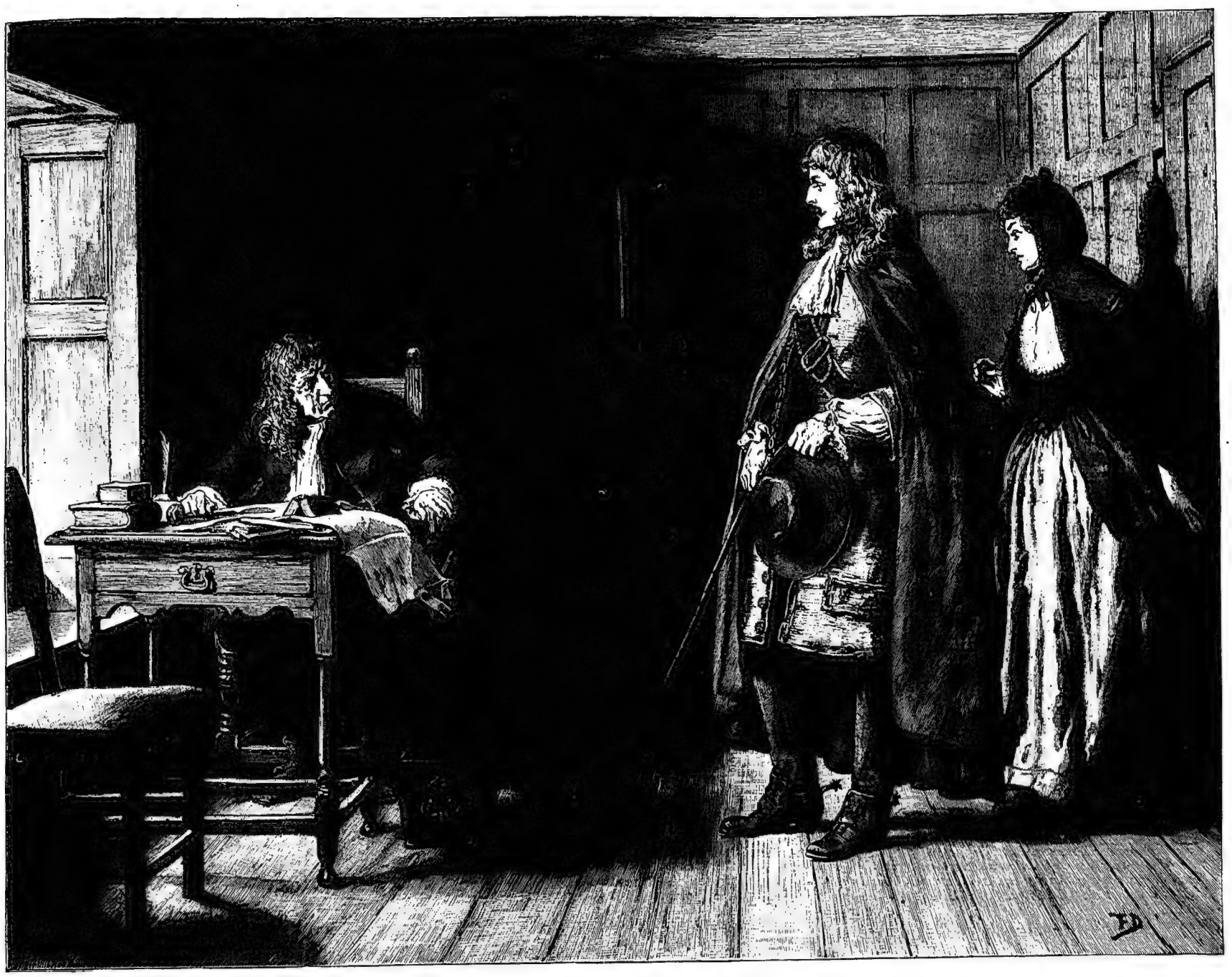


ALASKA INDIANS DRYING SEAL SKINS



INTERIOR OF A FUR STORE IN VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE BEHRING SEAL FISHERIES QUESTION



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Well, father," said Anthony; "Here am I returned, without a shot through me"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER LIII.

BAD TIDINGS.

On reaching Hall, the first person that came to meet them was Bessie. She had returned, anxious about her father, and to collect some of her clothes. On arriving, she had been told that he had not gone to bed all night, that he looked ill and aged; that he had ordered his horse and had ridden away without telling any one whither he was going, and that some hours had elapsed without his re-appearing. Bess was filled with uneasiness, and was about to send out the servants to inquire as to the direction he had taken, and by whom he had been last seen, when the old man returned on foot, leaning on Luke, who led the horse by the bridle.

"Has any accident happened?" she asked, with changing colour.

The old man gave a shy glance at her, then let his eyes fall to the ground. He said nothing, and went into the house to his room. Bess's uneasiness was not diminished. Luke spared her the trouble of asking questions. He told her that he had met her father on the way, and that they had come to an understanding, so that the estrangement that had existed between them since Anthony's marriage was at an end.

Bessie's colour mounted to her temples, she was glad to hear this; and Luke saw her pleasure in her eyes. He took her hand.

Then she lowered her eyes and said:—"Oh, Luke! what am I to do? Can I withdraw the promise made yesterday? I cannot fulfil it. I did not know it then. Now it is impossible. I can never love Fox—never respect him. He has behaved to my father in a manner that even if forgiven is not to be forgotten. And, indeed, I must tell you. He said he had struck Anthony and half killed him. I do not know what to think. Urith——"

"I know what Urith says. I was present. I saw the blow dealt. Fox did that—Urith bade him do it."

Bessie's breath caught. Luke hastened to reassure her.

"Anthony was not seriously hurt. Something he wore—a token on his breast—turned the point of the knife; but I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, I should have come and seen your father before your marriage and told him what I knew, then you would not have been drawn into this——"

"Oh, Luke!" interrupted Bessie, "I do not think anything you said would have altered his determination. He was resolved, and when resolved, nothing will turn him from his purpose. As we were married at Tavistock and not in your church, you were not spoken to about it."

"No—but I ought to have seen your father. I shall ever reproach myself with my neglect, or rather my cowardice, and now I have news, and that sad, to tell you. It is vague, and yet, I believe, trustworthy. Gloine, who went from my parish to join the Duke of Monmouth, has come back. He rode the whole way on a horse that belonged to some gentleman who had been shot. There has been a battle somewhere in Somersetshire, Gloine could not tell me the exact spot, but it does not matter. The battle has been disastrous—our side—I mean the side to which nearly all England wished well, has been routed. There was mismanagement, quarrelling between the leaders; bad generalship, I have no doubt; it was but a beginning of a fight; and then a general rout. Our men—I mean the Duke's—were dispersed, surrendered in batches, were cut and shot down, and those who fled were pursued in all directions, and slain without mercy. What has happened to the Duke I do not know, Gloine could not tell me. But Mr. Crymes is dead. He passed the coach and saw the soldiers plundering it, and the poor old gentleman had been shot and dragged out of it, and thrown on the grass."

"But Anthony!"

"Of him, Gloine could not tell me much. He was greatly in favour with the Duke and with Lord Grey. There was a considerable contingent of men from Tavistock and the villages round, who had been collected by the activity of Mr. Crymes and one or two others, whose names we will now strive to keep in the background; and, as Mr. Crymes himself was incapacitated by age and infirmity from officering this band of recruits, Anthony was appointed captain, and I am proud to say that our little battalion showed more determination, made a better fight, and was less ready to throw away arms and run, than was any other. That is what Gloine says."

"And he can say nothing of Anthony?"

"Nothing, Gloine says that when the rout was complete, he caught a horse that was running by masterless, and mounting, rode into Devon and home as hard as he could, but of Anthony he saw nothing. Whether he fell, or whether he is alive, we shall not know till others come in; but, Bess, we must not disguise from ourselves the fact that, supposing he has escaped with his life, he will stand in extreme danger. He has been one of the few gentlemen who has openly joined the movement, he has commanded a little company drawn from his own neighbourhood, and has given the enemy more trouble than some others. A price will be set on his head, and if he be caught, he will be executed—almost certainly. He may return here if alive, he probably will do so; but he must be sent abroad or kept in hiding till pursuit is over."

"O, poor Anthony!" said Bessie. "Will you tell my father?"

"Not at present. He has his own troubles now. Besides, we know nothing for certain. I will not speak till further and fuller news reaches me. But, Bess, you must be with him—he is not in a state to be left alone. Now, may be, in his broken condition, he may feel your regard in a manner he has not heretofore."

"Heigh, there. Have you heard?"

The voice was that of Fox. He came up heated, excited.

"Heigh, there! Luke, and you, Bess, too? Have you heard the tidings? There's our man, Coaker, come back—came on one of the coach-horses. There has been a pretty upset at the end, as I thought. My father is dead—the soldiers shot him as he sat in the coach, and proceeded to turn everything out in search of spoil. What a merciful matter," he grinned, without an audible laugh, "that the five or six hundred pounds had been lifted on Black Down instead of falling into the hands of the Papist looters! Aye?"

Neither Luke nor Elizabeth answered him.

"You know that now I am owner of the little estate in Buckland," said he, "such as it is—a poor, mean scrap that remains of what we Crymes——"

"You are now a Cleverdon," said Luke, dryly.

"But not for long. I shall change my name back, if it cost me fifty pounds. There is something more that I am. I am trustee for Julian till she marries—I step into my father's place. How do you suppose she will like that? How will she find herself placed under my management?" He laughed.

"Your father dead," said Luke, "one might expect of you some decent lamentation."

"Oh! I am sorry, I assure thee! But Lord! what else could I expect? And I thank Heaven it is no worse. I expected him to be drawn to Tyburn, hung, and disembowelled as a traitor. I swear to thee, Luke, I was rejoiced to hear he died honourably of a shot, since die he must. And, Anthony dead——"

"Anthony! Have you heard?"

"Nay—I cannot swear. But Coaker says it is undoubted. The troopers were in full pursuit of our Tavistock company of Jack-Fools, cutting them down and not sparing one. Anthony cannot escape. If he ran from the field, he will be caught elsewhere. If they spitted the common men, they will not spare the commanding officer."

"Poor Anthony!" sighed Bess.

"Ay! poor Anthony, indeed, with nothing left at all now—not even the chance of life! But never mind poor Anthony, Bess; please to consider me. I know not but what now I shall be able at

my ease to pay that attorney from Exeter—if I choose; but that shall only be to make Hall my own, and no sooner has my money passed hands than out turns your father. He and I will never be able to pull together. He has his notions and I mine. No man can serve two masters, as Parson Luke will tell thee; and neither can a land be held by and serve two masters, one choosing this and t'other that. No sooner is Hall cleared with my money than out walks the old Squire. Then you and I, Bess——"

"You and I will remain as separate as we are at present," answered Elizabeth. "I go with my father. Never will I be with you."

"As you will," said Fox, contemptuously. "Your beauty is not such as to make me wish to keep you."

"Then so let it be. We have been married, only to part us more than ever," said Bess. Then, turning to Luke, she said, "I cannot help myself. I swore with good intention of keeping my oath, but I cannot even attempt to observe it. He—" she pointed to Fox, "he has shown me how impossible it is."

Luke did not speak: The words of Fox had made him indignant; but he said nothing, as any words of his he felt would be thrown away, and could only lead to a breach between him and Fox, in which he must get the worst, as unable to retort with the insolence and offensiveness of the latter. He looked with wonder at Bessie, and admired her quiet dignity and strength. He could see that, with all his rudeness to her, Fox stood somewhat in awe of her.

"Yes," said Fox, "Anthony is dead; I do not affect to be sorry, after having received from him a blow that has half-blinded me—a continuous reminder of him."

"His sister strove to make amends for that yesterday," said Luke, unable further to control his wrath. "You then demanded of her an atonement far more costly than any wrong done you."

Fox shrugged his shoulders. "A pretty atonement—when she flouts me, and refuses to follow me."

Bessie, shrinking from hearing her name used, entered the house, and went into her father's room.

She found the old man there, lying on a long leather couch against the wall, asleep.

She stood watching him for a moment in silence, and without stirring. His hair was certainly more grey than it had been, and his face had greatly changed, both in expression and in age. The old hardness had given way, and distress—pain, such as never before had marked his countenance, now impressed it, even in sleep. He had probably hardly closed his eyes for many nights, as he had been full of anxiety about the fate of Hall, and the success of his scheme for its preservation. The last night had been spent in complete and torturing wakefulness. Now Nature had asserted her rights; weary to death, he had cast himself on his couch, and had almost immediately lost consciousness.

After observing her father for some little while, Bessie stepped lightly back into the passage, closed the door, then sought Luke, who was standing before the house with his finger to his lips, a frown on his brows, looking at the ground steadily. Fox was gone.

Bessie touched him, and beckoned that he should follow, then led him to her father's parlour, opened the door gently, and with a sign to step lightly and keep silence, showed him the sleeping Squire. A smile lighted her homely but pleasant face; and then she gave him a token to depart.

For herself, she had resolved to remain there, her proper post now was by her father. She knelt at his couch, without touching him, and never turned an eye from him. In her heart swelled up a hope, a belief, that at length the old man might come to recognise her love, and to value it.

An hour—then another passed, and neither the sleeper nor the watcher stirred; when suddenly the old man opened his eyes, in full wakefulness, and his eyes rested on her. He looked at her steadily, but with growing estrangement; then a little hectic colour kindled in his pale face, and he turned his head away.

Then Bessie put her arm under his neck, and drew his head to her bosom, pressed it there, and kissed him, saying,

"My father! my dear, dear father!"

He drew a long and laboured breath, disengaged himself from her arms, and putting down his feet, sat up on the couch. She was kneeling before him, looking into his face.

"Go—" said he, after awhile, "I have been hard with thee, Bess! I have done thee wrong."

She would have clasped and kissed him again, but he gently yet firmly put her from him, and yet—in so doing kept his eyes intently, questioningly, fixed on her. Was it to be—even as Luke said, that in losing Hall he was to find something he had not hitherto prized?

CHAPTER LIV.

A DAISY

As briefly as may be, we must give some account of the venture of Monmouth, which ended in such complete disaster.

Charles, natural son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters, born in 1649, created Duke of Monmouth in 1663 by his father, was, as Pepys writes, "a most pretty spark;" "very handsome, extremely well made, and had an air of greatness answerable to his birth," says the Countess D'Aulnay; was his father's favourite son, and for some time it was supposed that King Charles II. would proclaim his legitimacy and constitute him heir to the Throne. He was vastly popular with the nation, which looked up to him as the protector of the Protestant religion against the Duke of York, whose accession to the Throne was generally dreaded on account of his known attachment to the Roman Church. James therefore always regarded him with jealousy and suspicion—a jealousy and suspicion greatly heightened and intensified by a memorable progress he had made in 1680, in the West, when incredible numbers flocked to see him. He first visited Wiltshire, and honoured Squire Thynne, of Longleate House, with his company for some days. Thence he journeyed into Somersetshire, where he found the roads lined with enthusiastic peasants, who saluted him with loud acclamations as the champion of the Protestant religion. In some towns and villages the streets and highways were strewn with herbs and flowers. When the Duke came within a few miles of White Ladington, the seat of George Speke, Esq., near Ilminster, he was met by two thousand riders, whose numbers rapidly increased to twenty thousand. His personal beauty, the charm of his manners, won the hearts of every one, and thus the way was paved for the enthusiastic reception he was to receive later when he landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, as a defender of religion and a claimant for the Throne.

On June 14th, 1685, that landing took place. It had been arranged between him and the Duke of Argyle that each should head an expedition with the same end, and that a landing should be effected simultaneously, one in Scotland, under Argyle, the other in England, under Monmouth. Money and nearly everything else was wanting, and Monmouth was dilatory and diffident of success. But finally, two handfuls of men were got together, some arms were purchased, and some ships freighted. Argyle sailed first, and landed before the Duke of Monmouth, loth to tear himself from the arms of a beautiful mistress in Brussels, could summon resolution to sail. Argyle was speedily defeated and lodged in Edinburgh Castle on June 20th. Six days before his capture, Monmouth landed in Dorsetshire. He had with him about eighty officers and a hundred and fifty followers of various kinds, Scotch and English. Lord Stair, who had fled from the tyranny of James when Duke of York and Commissioner in Scotland, did not join the expedition; but Lord Grey did, an infamous man, who was one main cause of its miscarriage. The ablest head among the party was that of Fletcher of Saltoun, who in vain endeavoured to dissuade the Duke from an enterprise which he saw was premature and desperate, but from which he was too brave and generous to withdraw.

On landing at Lyme, Monmouth set up his standard, and issued a proclamation that he had come to secure the Protestant religion, and to extirpate Popery, and deliver the people of England from "the usurpation and tyranny of James, Duke of York." This was dispersed throughout the country, was passed from hand to hand, and with extraordinary rapidity was carried to the very Land's End, raising the excitement of the people, who chafed at the despotism of King James II., and were full of suspicion as to his purposes. In the Declaration, promises were made of free exercise of their religion to all kinds of Protestants of whatever sect; that the Parliament should be annually chosen; that sheriffs should also be annually elected; that the grievous Militia Act should be repealed; and that to the Corporations of the towns should be restored their ancient liberties and charters.

Allured by these promises, the yeomanry and peasantry flocked to Monmouth's standard, and, had the Duke entrusted the volunteers to the direction of a man of talent and integrity, it is not impossible that he would have met with success.

But the infamous Lord Grey was made commander, and when, shortly after landing, the Earl of Feversham, a French favourite of King James, threw a detachment of regular troops into Bridport, some six miles from Lyme, and Monmouth detached three hundred men to storm the town, Lord Grey, who was entrusted with the command, deserted his men at the first brush, and galloping back into Lyme, carried the tidings of defeat, when actually the volunteers, with marvellous heroism, had accomplished their task, and had obtained a victory.

Monmouth inquired of Captain Matthews, what was to be done with Lord Grey.

Matthews answered as a soldier, "You are the only General in Europe who would ask such a question."

The Duke, however, dared not punish Lord Grey, and actually entrusted to him the command of the cavalry, the most important arm he had. Having thus given a position of trust to the worst man he could, he lost the ablest man in his party, Fletcher, who had quarrelled with a Somersetshire gentleman about his horse, which led to a duel, in which the Somersetshire man was shot, and Fletcher had to be dismissed.

On June 15th, four days after landing, the Duke marched from Lyme with a force that swelled to three thousand men. He passed through Axminster, and on the 16th was at Chard; thence he marched to Taunton, his numbers increasing as he advanced. At Taunton his reception was most flattering; he was welcomed as a deliverer sent from heaven; the poor rent the air with their joyful acclamations, the rich threw open their houses to him and his followers, his way was strewn with flowers, and twenty-six young girls of the best families in the town appeared before Monmouth, and presented him with a Bible. Monmouth kissed the sacred book, and swore to defend the truth it contained with his life's blood.

Here it was that he was met by the detachment from Tavistock and its neighbourhood. The men came in singly or in pairs, and somewhat later Mr. Crymes appeared in his coach. Anthony was immediately presented to the Duke, who, taken by his manly appearance, at once appointed him to be captain of the contingent from Tavistock.

On June 20th Monmouth claimed the title of King. It was a rash and fatal mistake, for it at once alarmed his followers, and deterred many from joining him. Many of those who followed him, or were secretly in his favour, still respected the hereditary rights of kingship; and others had a lingering affection for Republican institutions. These two opposite classes were dissatisfied by this assumption. Moreover, the partisans of the Prince of Orange, already pretty numerous, considered this claim as infringing the rights of James's eldest daughter, Mary, Princess of Orange, who, by birth and by religion, stood next in order of succession.

On June 22nd Monmouth advanced to Bridgewater, where he was again proclaimed King; and here he divided his forces into six regiments, and formed two troops out of about a thousand horse that followed him.

We need not follow his extraordinary course after this, marked by timidity and irresolution.

Few of the gentlemen of the counties of the West joined him, and the influx of volunteers began to fail. Discouragement took possession of the Duke's spirits; and, when St. Swithin's rains set in before their proper time, not only was his ardour, but also that of his followers, considerably damped.

At length, on July 5th, it was resolved to attack the Royal army, encamped on Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, where the negligent disposition made by Lord Feversham invited attack. Here the decisive battle was fought. The men following Monmouth's standard showed in the action an amount of native courage and adherence to the principles of duty which deserved better leaders. They threw the veteran forces into disorder, drove them from their ground, continued the fight till their ammunition failed them, and would at last have obtained a victory, had not the misconduct of Monmouth and the cowardice or treachery of Grey prevented it.

In the height of the action, when the fortune of the day was wavering, Lord Grey told Monmouth that all was lost—that it was more than time to think of shifting for himself. Accordingly, he and Monmouth, and a few other officers, rode off the field, leaving the poor enthusiasts, without order or instructions, to be massacred by a pitiless enemy. The battle lasted about three hours, and ended in a rout. The rebels lost about fifteen hundred men in the battle and pursuit; but the Royal forces had suffered severely.

Urith sat in the parlour at Willsworthy. She had reverted to the stolid, dark mood that had become habitual with her. Her hands were in her lap. She was plucking at the ring affixed to the broken token, through which passed the suspending ribbon. But for this movement of the fingers of the right hand she might have been taken to be a figure cut out of stone, so still was her face, so motionless her figure; not a change of colour, not a movement of muscle, not a flicker of the eyelid betrayed that she was alive and sentient; no tears filling the eyes, no sigh escaping her lips.

The heat of her brow showed that she was labouring under an oppressive sorrow.

She spoke and acted mechanically when roused into action and to speech, and then instantly fell back into her customary torpor. Only when so roused did the stunned spirit flutter to her eyes, and bring a slight suffusion of colour into her face. Next moment she was stone as before.

She had been given, by Mrs. Penwarne, some flowers to arrange for the table.

"For his grave?" asked Urith, "and for my baby."

She took them eagerly, began to weave them, then they fell from her fingers into her lap, and she remained unconscious, holding the stalks.

The old lady came to her again, and scolded her.

"There! there! this is too bad. Take your token, and give me the flowers. I must do everything."

She put the broken medal again into Urith's hand; and left her, carrying the flowers away.

Urith was at once back again under her overwhelming cloud—the ever-present conviction that Anthony was dead, and that she had killed him.

She saw him at every moment of the day, except when roused from her dream, lying across the hearthstone with his heart pierced. She had seen a little start of blood from the wound, when it was dealt, and this she saw day and night welling up inexhaustibly in tiny wavelets, flowing over his side, and falling in a long trickle sometimes connected, sometimes a mere drip upon the hearthstone, and then running upon the pavement in a dark line.

This little rill never dried up, never became full; it pushed its way along slowly, always about the breadth of the little finger, and standing up like a surcharged vein, hemmed in by grains of dust and particles of flue. Urith was ever watching the progress of this rivulet of blood, as it stole forward, now turning a little to this side from some knot in the floor, then running into a crevice and staying its onward progress till it had filled the chink, and converted it into a puddle. She watched it rise to the edge of a slate slab, swell above it, tied back, as it were, by each jagged point in the slate edge, then overleap it, and run further. The rill was ever advancing towards the main entrance to the hall, yet never reaching it, making its way steadily, yet making no actual progress.

On more than one occasion Urith stooped to remove a dead wasp that stood in the way of its advance, or to sop up with her kerchief some splash of water which would have diluted its richness.

Now, on the floor, lay a daisy-head that had fallen from the flower bunch Mistress Penwarne had brought to her and then had taken away. Urith's eyes were on the daisy, and it seemed to her that the red rill was touching it. It was nothing to Urith that she was in the parlour, and that Anthony had fallen in the hall. Wherever she went, into whatsoever room, into the garden, out on the moor—it was ever the hall she was in, and the floor everywhere, whether of oak boards or of soft turf, or of granite spar, was in her eyes the pavement of the hall, and ever over that pavement travelled the little thread of blood, groping its way, like an earthworm, as if endowed with a half-consciousness that gave it direction without organs of sense.

And now on the floor lay the garden daisy-head, and towards it the purple-red streamlet was pushing on; was the daisy already touched, and the edge of the fringe of petals just tinctured? Or was its redness due to the reflection on the pure white of the advancing blood? The dye or glow was setting inward, whatever it was, and would soon stain the petals crimson, and then sop the golden heart and turn it black.

How long this process would take Urith did not ask, for time was nothing to her. But she looked and waited, she fancied that she saw the clotting together of the rays, and their gradual discoloration as the red liquid rose up through the yellow stamens.

And now the flower-head began to stir and slide over the floor, and the blood-streak to crawl after it.

Urith slowly rose to her feet, and, with bent head observing the flower, step by step followed it. There was a draught blowing along the floor from a back-door that was open, and this stirred and carried forward the light blossom. Urith never inquired what moved the daisy; it was natural, it was reasonable, that it should recoil from the scent and touch of blood.

As the daisy-head slid forward—now with easy motion, now with a leap and a skip—so did, in Urith's diseased fancy, the rill of blood advance in pursuit, always just touching it, but never entirely enveloping it.

Urith stepped forward slowly towards the hall-door and opened it, to let the flower-head escape. Had she not done so, in a moment the daisy would have been caught, and have sopped up the blood like a sponge, lost all its whiteness, and become but a shapeless clot in the stream.

The draught, increased by the opening of the door, carried the little delicate blossom forward rapidly, into the hall and along its floor, and after it shot the head of the rivulet, pointed, like that of snake darting on its prey. Then the daisy was arrested suddenly; it had struck against an obstruction—a man's foot.

Urith rose from her stooping position, and saw before her the man whose foot had stopped the daisy—it was Anthony, standing on the hearthstone. To her dazed sense it was nothing that the blood-stream should run in the course opposed to that it might have been supposed to run, from the parlour to the hall, from the door to the hearth. To her mind the ideal hall and the actual hall only coincided when they overlapped.

And now, standing on the actual hearthstone, with the fancied blood-stream running up to, and dancing about his foot, was Anthony.

"Urith!"

The voice was that of Anthony.

He had seen Luke, he knew in what condition he might expect to find her; and he had come to the house to see her, to let her light unsuspectingly on him, in the hopes that the surprise might rouse her, and change the tenor of her thoughts.

He looked at her with love and pity in his heart, in his eyes, and with a choking in the throat.

Urith remained standing where she had risen from her bowed position, and for a long time kept her eyes steadily fixed on him; but there was neither surprise nor pleasure in them.

Presently she said slowly, with a wave of her hand, "No! I am not deceived. Anthony is dead. I killed him."

Then she averted her face, and at once fell into her usual trance-like condition.

CHAPTER LV.

FATHER AND SON AGAIN

ANTHONY sat in the house of his cousin Luke, his head in his hand. Bessie had come there to see him. She had been told of his return, and Luke had advised her to meet him at the parsonage.

"O Tony!—dear, dear Tony! I am so glad you are back. Now, please God, all things will go better."

"I do not see any turn yet—any possible," said Anthony.

His tone was depressed, his heart was weighed down with disappointment at his inability to rouse Urith.

"Do not say that, my brother," said Bessie, taking his hand between both of hers, "God has been very good in bringing you safe and sound back to Willsworthy."

"No exceeding comfort that!" Anthony responded, "when I find Urith in such a state. She does not know me again."

"You must not be discouraged," urged Bess. "She has this darkness on her now, but it will pass away as the clouds rise from off the moor. We must wait and trust and pray."

"Remember, Anthony," added Luke, "that she received a great shock which has, as it were, stunned her. She requires time to recover from it. Perhaps her reason will return gradually, just as you say she herself came groping along step by step to you. You must not be out of heart because at the first meeting she was strange. Perhaps some second shock is needed as startling as the first to restore her to the condition in which she was. I have heard of a woman thrown into a trance by a flash of lightning, unable to speak or stir. In a second thunderstorm, months after, there was another flash, she was cured, and the interval between was gone from her recollection."

Anthony shook his head.

"You both say this because you desire to comfort me, but I have little expectation, Bess," said he, pressing his sister's hand. "God forgive me that I have never hitherto considered and valued your love to me, but have imposed on you, and been rough and thoughtless. One must suffer oneself to value love in others."

His sister threw her arms about his neck, and the tears of happiness flowed down her cheeks. "Oh, Tony! this is too much! and father also! He loves me now."

"And you, Bess, you have been hardly used. But how stands it now betwixt you and Fox?"

Bessie looked down.

"My father forced you to take him; I know his way, and you had not the strength to resist. Good heavens! I ought to have been at your side to nerve you to opposition."

"No, Tony, my father employed no force; but he told me how matters stood with regard to Hall, and I was willing to take Fox, thinking thereby to save the estate."

"And Fox, what is he going to do?"

"I cannot tell. Nothing, I think. He says he has the money, but he will not pay the mortgage; and yet I cannot believe he will allow Hall to slip away. I think he is only holding out to hurt my father, with whom he is very angry because the state of matters was not told him before the marriage."

"You suffered her to throw herself away?" asked Anthony, turning to Luke.

"I did wrong," he said. "I ought to have spoken to your father, but he had forbidden me the house, and—but no! I will make no excuse for myself. I did wrong. Indeed—indeed, Anthony, among us all there is only one who stands blameless and pure and beautiful in integrity—and that is our dear Bessie. I did wrong, you acted wrongly, your father, Fox, all—all are blameworthy but she—nay! Bess, suffer me to speak; what I say I feel, and so must all who know the circumstances. The Squire must have eyes blinder than those of the mole not to see your unselfishness, and a heart harder than a stone not to esteem your worth."

"I pray you," pleaded Bessie, with crimson brow, "I pray you, not another word about me."

"Very well, we will speak no more thereof now," said Luke, "but I must say something to Anthony. You, cousin, should now make an attempt to obtain your father's forgiveness."

"What has he to forgive?" asked Anthony, impatiently. "Are not his own hard-heartedness, and his hatred of Richard Malvine, the cause of all this misery?"

"His hard-heartedness and hatred have done much," said Luke; "but neither of these is the cause of Urith's condition. That is your own doing."

"Mine?" Though he asked the question, yet he answered it to himself, for his head sank, and he did not look his cousin in the face.

"Yes—yours," replied Luke. "It was your unfaithfulness to Urith that drove her——"

"I was not unfaithful," interrupted Anthony.

"You hovered on the edge of it—sufficiently near infidelity to make her believe that you had turned your heart away from her for another. There was the appearance, if not the reality, of treason. On that Fox worked, and wrought her into a condition of frenzy in which she was not responsible for what she said and did. From that she has not recovered."

"Curse Fox!" swore Anthony, clenching his hands.

"No, rebuke and condemn yourself," said Luke. "Fox could have fired nothing had not you supplied the fuel."

Anthony remained with his head bowed on the table. He put up his hands to it, and did not speak for some time. At last he lowered his hands, laid the palms on the table, and said, frankly, "Cousin! sister! I am to blame. I confess my fault freely, and I would give the whole world to undo the past."

"Then begin a new life, Tony," said Luke, "by going to your father and being reconciled to him."

"I cannot. I cannot. How can I forget what he has done to Bess?"

"And how can your heavenly Father forgive you your trespass if you remain at enmity with your earthly father?" asked Luke, sternly. "No, Tony, begin aright. Do what is clearly your first duty, and then walk straight forward, trusting in God."

A struggle ensued in Anthony's breast. Then Bess took his hand again between her own, and said, "You have been brave, Tony, fighting on the battle-field; now show your true courage in fighting against your own pride. Come!" She held his hand still, and drew him after her. She had risen.

"Very well!" said Anthony, standing up. "In God's name."

"He has heard that you are returned," added Bessie. "It will be a pleasure to him to see you again."

On reaching Hall, Elizabeth found her father in his room. He was seated at his table, engaged on his accounts, turning over the list of sums due to him, reckoning his chances of recovering these debts, considering what money he could scrape together by cutting down timber, and by the sale of stock. He thought that he might raise five or six hundred pounds at once, and perhaps more, but the time was most unpropitious for a sale. It was the wrong season in which to throw oak, and to sell the crops in the ground would at that time be ruinous at the prices they would fetch.

When the door opened, and Bessie entered with Anthony, the old man looked up, and said nothing. His sleep had restored his strength, and with it something of his natural hardness. His lips closed.

"Well father!" said Anthony, "Here am I, returned, without a shot through me."

"So I see," said his father, dryly.

Anthony, disappointed with his reception, was inclined to withdraw, but mastered his disappointment, and going up to the table extended his hand, and said,

"Come, father! forgive me, if I have vexed you."

Old Cleverdon made no counter-movement. The request had been made somewhat coolly.

"Father! what did you promise me?" asked Bessie, her heart fluttering between hope and discouragement. "Here is Anthony, whose life has been in jeopardy, come back, asking your forgiveness, and that is what you required."

Then the old man coldly placed his hand in that of his son; but he said no word, nor did he respond to the pressure with which Anthony grasped him. His hand lay cold and impassive in that of his son. Then Anthony's cheeks flamed, and a sparkle of wrath burnt in his eye. Bessie looked up to him entreatingly, and then turned pleadingly to her father, and implored him to speak. Anthony did not await the word, but drew his hand away.

"So," said the old man, "you are back. Take care of yourself; you are not yet out of danger." And he took up again the papers he had been examining.

"I am interrupting you," said Anthony; "anything is of more interest to you than your own son."

He would have left the room, but Bessie held him back. Then she went up to her father and drew the papers away from him. In her fear lest this meeting should prove resultless she became bold. The old man frowned at her audacity, but he said nothing.

"Father," said Anthony, "I came here as a duty to you, to tell you that I ask nothing of you but your forgiveness for having been hot-headed in marrying without and against your will."

"I have nothing else to give," answered Mr. Cleverdon. "I no longer call this place mine. The place where I was born, and for which I have toiled, which I have dreamed about, loved—I have nothing more, nothing at all." He was filled with bitter pity for himself. "I, in my destitution, must thank you that it has seemed worth while to you to come and see me."

"Father!" gasped Bessie.

The old man proceeded: "I cannot forget that all this comes to pass because you disregarded my wishes. Had you married Julian, had you even proposed to marry her, this could not have happened. It is this," his voice rang hard and metallic, and the light in his eye was the glisten of a flint; "it is this that is the cause of all. It brings my grey head into the dust. It deprives the Cleverdons of a place in the county, it blots them out with a foul smear." The pen he had been holding had fallen on a parchment, and, with his finger, the old man wiped the blotch and streaked it over the surface.

"I could not marry Julian," said Anthony, with difficulty controlling himself. "A man is not to be driven to the altar as is a poor girl." He turned to his sister. "I am sorry for your sake that Hall goes—not for mine; I do not care for it. It has been the curse that has rested on and blasted your heart, father, turning it against your own children, marring the happiness of my mother's life, taking all kindness and pity out of yours. It is like a swamp that sends up pestilential vapours, poisoning all who have aught to do with it."

The old man raised himself in his seat, and stared at him with wide-open eyes. This was not what he had deemed possible, that a child of his, a Cleverdon, should scoff at the land on which he was born, and which had nourished him.

"What has been cast into this thankless soil?" asked Anthony. "All good feelings you ever had for my mother, all, everything, has been sacrificed for it. But for Hall, she would have never taken you, but have been happy with the man of her heart. But for Hall, I would have been better reared, in self-restraint, in modesty, and kept to steady work. But for Hall, Bess's most precious heart would not have been thrown before that—that Fox! Very well, father. I am glad Hall goes. When it is gone clean away, I will see you again, and then maybe you will be more inclined for reconciliation."

The old man's blood was roused.

"It is easy to despise what can never be yours. The grapes are sour."

"The grapes were never other than sour," retorted Anthony. "And have set on edge all the teeth that have bitten into them. Sister—come!"

He went out of the door.

(To be continued)

FASHIONS

IN the hunting-field, neatness and nattiness continue to go hand-in-hand, but every year sees some changes in the minor details of equestrian attire. For example, the latest style for riding-jackets is double-breasted, with wide lappels, well cut away; the collar is low and deep, turned down sufficiently to show a peep of waistcoat which is also shown at the waist in front; a perfect fit is required for a riding-habit, more than for any other garment. Waistcoats, which for a time ceased to be popular, are now very fashionable; they are made of quite a masculine type in a variety of materials, newest amongst which is plush leather, which is of a Swede-kid texture, with a velvet-like sheen on its surface; corduroy is also in favour; practical pockets, of small dimensions, which answer the purpose of a purse, are not only useful, but ornamental. Veritable hunting-women of course belong to a special hunt, and scrupulously wear the uniform, with the monogram on the buttons. The neatly-cut cloth trousers, strapped under the boots, which looked so trim are superseded by top boots and breeches, which, when the short-skirted habit is blown aside, produce the effect of a wooden-legged doll, when the wearer is tall and thin. Pink is much worn this season, but those figures which look well in this colour are in the minority; the least approach to *embonpoint* is fatal to the good effect of this hue, and yet positively stout women sometimes wear it in defiance of public ridicule. As for hats, the top hat is the most becoming to a pretty young face, but the low round-crowned hat, when made of soft felt, is the most comfortable and suitable for all sorts and conditions of women. It is highly important that the hat should be made to measure, and well padded on the forehead; as a red mark once made will last for weeks. Flowing locks and sweeping plumes are very well in poetry; in real life they are not only ungraceful but are positively dangerous, as they fly across and blind the eyes; small jockey-caps are very *piquante* when worn by a pretty young girl, but should not be ventured upon when the teens are past. The covert-coats are very natty and business-like this season; they are usually of waterproofed Melton cloth in dark-blue, green, or stone colour; they are made long enough at the back to cover the saddle, and cut so skilfully in the front that the water runs off to the ground.

At no season of the year is a tea-gown more appropriate and luxurious than at the present. Coming home thoroughly chilled from a long drive after a tedious round of visits, or heated from the effects of a gallop across country, nothing is more delightful than a warm bath, followed by a pleasant chat over a cup of tea in a snug boudoir; this is the time for a *bonâ fide* tea-gown. However rich the material, the garment should be easily slipped on. It is difficult sometimes to distinguish between the *negligée* garment of rest and comfort and the elaborate toilette which is suitable for a dinner-dress. Of the former type we recently were shown a simple gown of shell-pink, very fine cloth, trimmed with bands of silver *galon* long hanging sleeves, trimmed to match; tight-fitting under-sleeves of white cashmere, pink Medici collar, lined with white; thick silver cord round the waist. This gown was made all in one, and could be slipped on in a minute. Pale blue and salmon-pink, scabious colour and buttercup, or, in fact, any two well contrasting colours may be used for this unpretentious garment.

For the extreme of elegance we cannot do better than imitate the exquisite toilettes worn by some of the distinguished French actresses, who are the leaders of fashion in Paris. A tea-gown of the richest white satin, embroidered in white silk and gold thread, and trimmed with costly lace, is most effective, but only fit for quite *gala* occasions.

A reception dress was superb; it consisted of a robe of silver-grey brocade, in a bold design; the long train was square; on the hem of the tablier was a deep fringe of silk and pearls; the corsage was spangled with gold, and cut in sharp points over a corselet bodice of the brocade; sash of *crêpe de Chine*, with pearl and silk fringe; under sleeves spangled with gold, open sleeves of white *crêpe de Chine*, in large puffs to the elbows.

A ball dress was a marvel of grace and beauty; it was of white and gold brocade, trimmed with sable; on the shoulders were braces of sable; an end from one shoulder fell to the hem of the dress.

A reception-dress of a more simple type than the above was of bengaline, with a plain skirt, the bodice opening with *revers* over a plastron of grey velvet, with an ornament of gimp at the throat, sleeves high at the shoulders and tight at the wrists.

Fur is very much used for evening as well as morning costumes, and certainly the effect of sable on white, or any delicate-coloured satin, is very refined. A dinner dress of pale sky-blue poplin was made with a quite plain demi-train skirt, three bands of white Persian lamb-fleece across the front, round the arm-holes, and a band of the same round the train. A very stylish dinner-costume was made of black brocaded silk, with a plastron of sky-blue satin, embroidered in a lace-like design of jet and silk; border and trimming of black wolverine.

A very pretty dress of that useful type which is so needful at this season of the year, that will serve for a small friendly party, any suburban merry-making, or the theatre, was of the palest dove-grey cloth, with a plain round skirt, open on the left side, over a panel of white cloth, with three straps of the grey buttoned across, a small V plastron of white on the bodice which was crossed in folds, and fastened on the left side; large puffs of the white on the shoulders. This design may be carried out in black velveteen, with pink, blue, or amber panel, and other trimmings.

Black is very much worn this winter, even at weddings, when its sombre hue is brightened with a bonnet of some cheerful colour. Young people wear jackets of wonderful designs, but which are very coquettish and becoming to youthful figures. A plain white cashmere; Indian silk, *crêpe de Chine*, or Bengaline skirt forms the foundation, with which may be worn a Matador or Zouave jacket of velvet.

There have been some very stylish weddings lately. At one of these the bride wore a very elegant dress of rich corded silk, with a silver cord at the edge of the hem, made with a long train, but quite plain, as was the bodice, with the exception of a Medici collar, embroidered in silver; the veil was of Brussels net, with a deep and handsome border and corners of Brussels lace. Two tiny pages were dressed in buttercup-coloured silk and satin, with lace ruffles. The bridesmaids, six in number—four grown-ups and two children—wore simple, but very prettily-made dresses of white Bengaline and lace, with hats of white beaver and ostrich feathers; the four elder girls carried bouquets of white and yellow chrysanthemums, with long, yellow satin streamers; the little ones, whose frocks were smocked, and hung loose, carried baskets of flowers.

Two sisters recently wore at a carpet-dance in the suburbs skirts of white poplin, with *appliqué* of velvet in a conventional design to match their jackets; the one of which was of scabious-coloured velvet, richly embroidered in gold; the high collar was lined with gold-coloured silk; under-bodice of the silk, arranged in groups of tiny tucks, divided by lines of gold embroidery; a tucked yoke to match; a wide sash of Liberty silk falling with long ends, reaching to the hem of the skirt at the back. The other jacket and vest were of the same design in heliotrope-velvet and silver embroidery.

A very dainty material for bridesmaids' dresses has been introduced by a West End house. It is daisy brocade; to be worn with it is a chiffon, with the bonnie wee flower on it. Amongst the novelties in trimmings which have made their appearance are ruches and boas of rose leaves, which are strung together with a studied carelessness of effect.

There is a tendency to slip our money for immediate use into our gloves, a habit which occasionally ends in its loss. A novelty which will prove a boon in this age of pockets in impossible places has been introduced in the shape of a purse in the glove, which is securely fastened, and as yet defies the most skilful of thieves.

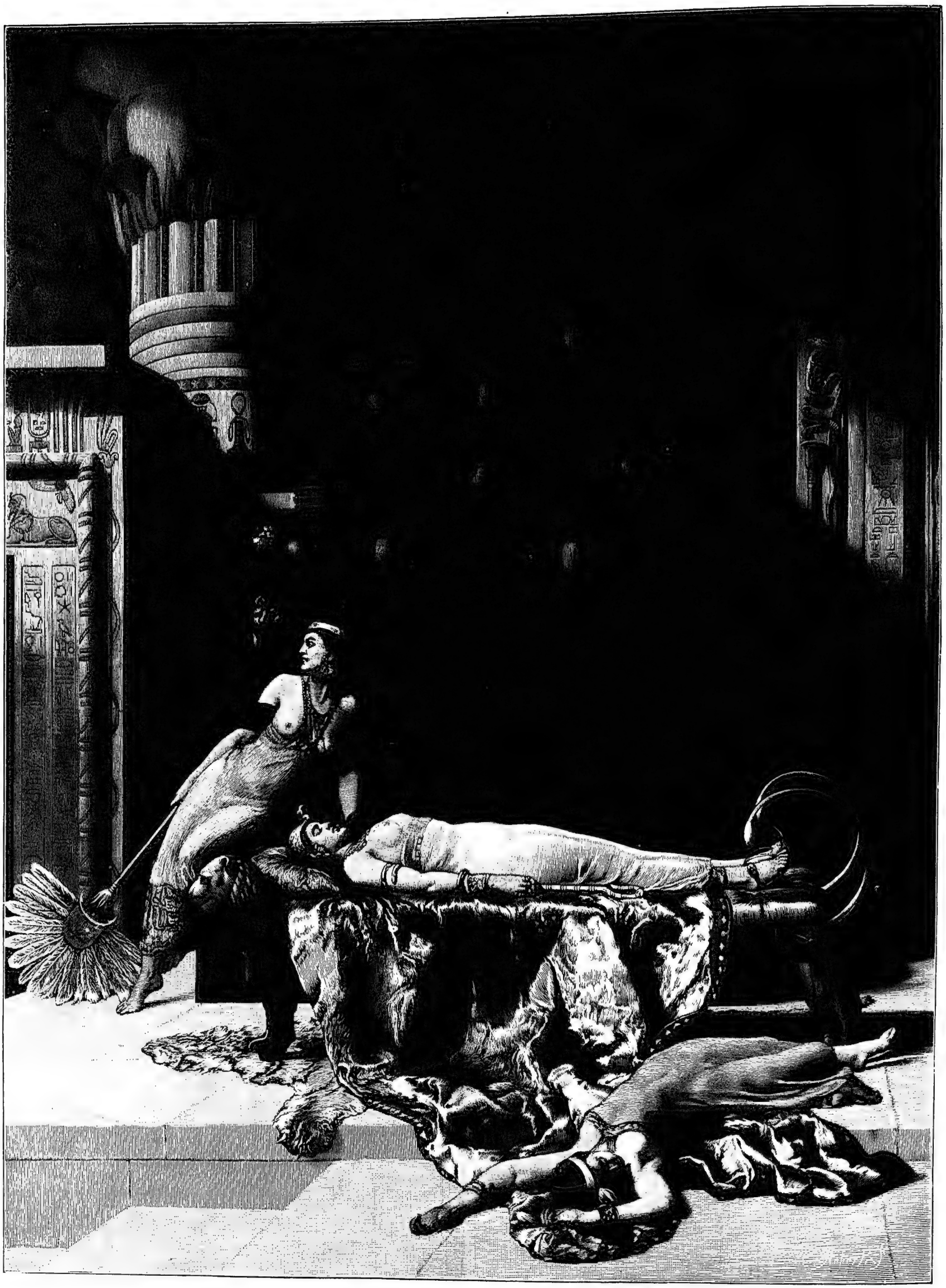
NEW NOVELS

THERE is unusual freshness in Mr. Bret Harte's "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh," which is followed by several other tales in the same volume (Macmillan and Co.). Mag, as a specimen of Nature's lady very much in the rough, belongs to a familiar type; but her weird surroundings in the Californian marsh, and her civilised experiences in the neighbouring fort, are picturesque and pathetic, with but little help from the author's usual mannerisms. As a story of contrasts of all kinds it is admirable, and the similar distinction between character and manners is touched upon in a more comic manner, and among much more conventional surroundings, in "A Secret of Telegraph Hill." On the whole, the volume not only maintains its writer's reputation, but shows that there is more vitality in his style of story-telling than many people were beginning to imagine.

Mr. George Manville Fenn's "Lady Maude's Mania: a Tragedy in High Life" (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.), is indeed a rarity in these days—a novel which both aims at and succeeds in making its reader laugh because he is simply and honestly amused. Plenty of stories aim at this, and fail; plenty succeed in it, in spite of all their intention to the contrary. Mr. Fenn, however, is one of the very few writers of current fiction who combine both the good will and the power. "Lady Maude's Mania" is none the worse, but all the better, for being an elaborated farce which it is easy to transfer mentally to the stage. All the *dramatis personæ* are amusing; but the prize is unquestionably due to the Earl of Barmouth, whose idiosyncrasies we will not spoil sport by revealing. The fun is no doubt decidedly of the elementary order, and has no pretensions to subtlety. It is nevertheless exceedingly refreshing. Not even in these days can one always be in the humour for psychology, sociology, or even for travellers' tales; and Mr. Fenn's genial and lively absurdities are perfectly adapted for moments of reaction.

Mrs. Alexander has not done justice to her powers by selecting a subject so uncongenial with them as the plot of "Blind Fate" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). She would seem, for the sake of popularity, to have tried to combine the stock subjects which may well be left to inferior hands, but which happen to be in vogue (at least among writers if not among readers) for the moment—such as magnetic influence and murder committed by the least likely person. In dealing with these commonplace motives Mrs. Alexander has not been able to avoid the commonplace manner which is, perhaps, altogether inseparable from them. On the other hand she has so far succeeded that not even the most expert manufacturer of criminal mysteries could have kept the central secret better, if so well. So far she may claim the credit due to ingenuity; but not in respect of her magnetic or hypnotic element, of which nothing can be said except that only a lack of strength saves it from being revolting. The subject is of necessity morbid and unwholesome; and it is to Mrs. Alexander's credit that she has not succeeded in giving it either interest or probability. "Blind Fate" must be regarded as the result of writing down to a lower level than the author's own; as a case where the greater the failure the greater the honour.

Björnson's "In God's Way," translated from the Norwegian under that title by Elizabeth Carmichael, was the work chosen to inaugurate the "International Library" (William Heinemann), which, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse, is to familiarise English readers with representative masterpieces of foreign fiction. Of the translation, we need only say that if the literary standard it sets be maintained throughout the series, both foreign authors and English readers are to be congratulated. On the other hand, however, the decision to select "In God's Way" to start with was questionable, unless the editor's object was to warn off English readers from Björnson's works for good and all. We should describe it shortly as a sickly compound of foggy sentiment and flabby theology, disgustingly flavoured with the details of consumption, internal cancer and surgical operations. "It will be the endeavour of the editor," it was announced in the general preface to the Series, "to search on all hands and in all languages for such books as combine the greatest literary value with the most curious and amusing qualities of manner and matter." In the present case the curious qualities are altogether predominant over the amusing; and, if it be the fact, that, according to the particular introduction, such stories are read by thousands of young people with enthusiasm, young Norway is to be complimented on its digestion.



"THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



STUDY OF A HEAD KNOWN AS "LE BUVEUR"

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ HALS, EXHIBITED AT THE MUSEUM AT AMSTERDAM

books recently published on Central Africa and the Emin Pasha Expedition, and comes to the conclusion that the disaster which overtook the Rear Column was the result of Stanley's egregious blunder in bringing Tippoo Tib to the Falls and leaving them dependent on his faithfulness. An anonymous article in the *Contemporary Review*, "Mr. Stanley and the Rear Column. What Should the Verdict be?" sums up the whole matter, but comes to no very clear verdict upon it. The writer seems to consider that everybody concerned was more or less to blame. While treating of Africa, Commander Cameron's interesting account of "Burton as I Knew Him" in the *Fortnightly* should be read.

"In Darkest England, and the Way Out," is still occupying the reviews. The *Contemporary* has an article by Mr. Francis Peek, which summarises Mr. Booth's scheme, and pronounces it grand in its conception and practicable in its proposals. Archdeacon Farrar, in the *New Review*, replies to some of the objections which have been urged against Mr. Booth's proposal, and declares that he has never seen any social scheme which filled him with warmer hope.

Among the political articles in the reviews, there are several well worth reading. The *National Review* has a trenchant paper on "Mr. Gladstone and the Church of Scotland," and an article on "The Eight Hours' Movement," by Mr. Frederic Pincott, which argues that any such interference with the liberty of the subject would inevitably do the workman more harm than good. The paper is one that should be carefully read and weighed by all who are interested in the subject. Mr. Chamberlain's "Shall We Americanise Our Institutions?" in the *Nineteenth Century* will attract many people, if only for the reason that this statesman has not been much heard in public of late. The contrast between the methods employed by the Speaker of the House of Commons and Speaker Reed is a very instructive one, and Mr. Chamberlain is of opinion that unlimited discussion has become incompatible with the proper progress of business under modern conditions, and is in favour of more drastic regulations for putting down Obstruction. Mr. Jennings' "The Trade League Against England," takes the M'Kinley Tariff for its text, and repeats some home truths which the nation has hitherto been slow to grasp. *Blackwood* has another of those brilliant summaries of current politics which are always so clear and incisive, and an excellent article on "Indian Infant Marriages," by a Bengal Civil Servant, which should certainly be read.

THE READER

It is not often that an officer turns his experience of foreign service to such excellent account as Major A. B. Ellis, of the 1st Battalion West India Regiment. The author is already favourably known for his exhaustive study of the Tshi-speaking peoples on the Gold Coast, and the volume lately published, "The Ewe-speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast of West Africa" (Chapman and Hall), is a continuation of that work. The Anglo-Saxon race is a little too much given to classing all dark-coloured races together as "niggers," but Major Ellis has taken the trouble to classify the peoples of the West Coast of Africa according to their languages, and to thoroughly examine their religion, manners, customs, and laws. It is the author's intention to deal with four different peoples of the Gold and Slave Coasts whose languages all belong to one family, and who seem to have sprung from one common stock, but whose languges have in course of time become quite distinct, and only to be traced to a common origin by studying their construction and roots. Of the four races, the Tshi-speaking peoples are the least civilised, and the Ga-speaking peoples slightly more advanced, while among the Ewe-speaking peoples we can see the crude conceptions of the Tshi-speaking tribes considerably modified, and can trace the evolution of the social and mental conditions of the negroes towards a more advanced state of civilisation. It is impossible to understand the native character unless the native religion has been thoroughly studied and mastered, for religious belief is the main-spring of many actions which to the stranger appear to be actuated merely by some extraordinary impulse, and not by any ascertained rules of conduct, and this it is that makes Major Ellis' investigations so valuable. The West Coast negro considers that he possesses a second individuality, or *kra*, which is a spirit residing in his body after an independent fashion. This *kra* is a spirit which has inhabited the bodies of many men and things, and will inhabit many more. It can quit the body at will, and generally does so during sleep, when its adventures abroad take the form of dreams. When a man dies, his *kra* goes at once into some other man, animal, or inanimate object, and it is this belief that trees, lightning, small-pox, and such like possess *kras* that causes the negro to worship or sacrifice to them. The second spiritual part of a man is the *srahman*, or ghost, which is a shadowy form inhabiting Dead-land, and continuing in the world of ghosts the existence led in flesh and blood by the man in this world. These two spirit forms are entirely separate and distinct, and it is only by clearly understanding this basis, upon which religious beliefs of the peoples of the West Coast of Africa are founded, that their modes of thought and action can be understood. The Tshi-speaking peoples of the Gold Coast are still in that primitive condition which sees a *kra* to be propitiated in every individual beast, tree, or rock, but the Ewe-speaking peoples of the Slave Coast are much more advanced. Their priesthood is much better organised, and the priests have succeeded in blending together a number of individual gods of the same type into one general god, so that the deity from being local has become tribal, and the notion of an in-dwelling spirit in each particular object of reverence has disappeared. Thus, the smaller gods are being swallowed up by, or merged into, the more powerful and important gods. The generic term for a superhuman agency among the Ewe-speaking tribes, and especially in Dahomey, is *vodu*, and this is the very word still in use among the negroes of Hayti, under the form Vaudoo, or Vaudoux. Having given a general sketch of the religious belief of the Ewe-speaking peoples, Major Ellis next describes the individual gods, whether they are general, tribal, or local, and then deals very fully with the priesthood, the annual customs, the human sacrifices, and the peculiar ceremonies carried out at births, marriages, and deaths. The account of Dahomey is especially interesting in view of the French operations against Agbomi. Major Ellis gives a capital little sketch of the history of Dahomey, and a full account of its laws and customs, and of its celebrated military system. The book is a most valuable store-house of knowledge, and is full of information about a race to whose religious beliefs and characteristics far too little attention has been paid hitherto. The companion volume which Major Ellis promises upon the Yorubas will be awaited with interest.

Any book dealing with the life of Warren Hastings, naturally challenges comparison with Lord Macaulay's brilliant but one-sided Essay, for it is safe to say that the Whig historian's estimate of the great Governor-General is the one work often read by the public. The occasion of Macaulay's onslaught upon Warren Hastings was the publication of the Rev. G. R. Gleig's life of the first Governor-General of Bengal, and though since then Sir J. Stephen has written an authoritative pronouncement upon the case of Nuncomar, or Nanda-Kumár, as the name is properly spelled, yet in such a series as the "Rulers of India" it was inevitable that another biography should be added to the literature on Warren Hastings' rule. And "Warren Hastings," by Captain L. J. Trotter (The Clarendon Press), has another claim on the attention of those who take an interest in the history of our Indian Empire, for early in the present year Mr. G. W. Forrest edited and published by Authority three large volumes of "Letters, Despatches, and Other State Papers, Preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India, 1772-1785." The publication of these authentic records of the period of Hastings' rule, enables the historian to draw more upon fact, and less upon his imagination, for the transactions of a time and place so remote as Hindostan at the end of the last century. The chief points on which Macaulay attacked Hastings were the Rohilla War, the execution of Nanda-Kumár, and his relations with Sir Elijah Impey. As for the Rohilla War, its conduct was based upon high political bounds, and Captain Trotter is of opinion, from a careful study of contemporary records, now published for the first time in Mr. Forrest's volumes, that there is no rational ground for belief in the legend elaborated by Burke and Macaulay out of the reckless slanders which Colonel Champion fathered, and which Francis spread abroad. Captain Trotter adopts Sir J. Stephen's conclusions on the trial and execution of Nanda-Kumár, and considers that the Rájá was fairly tried and justly condemned from the judge's point of view, whatever may have been the opinion of the natives; and, indeed, on Macaulay's own showing, Nanda-Kumár must have deserved hanging at least once a month for many years before he was actually brought to justice; and, if Impey ought to have respited the Rájá, Francis and Clavering might at any rate have paid some attention to the last appeal of their tool instead of taking absolutely no notice of it. The appointment of Sir Elijah Impey to the Presidency of the Company's Civil Court is considered by Captain Trotter to have been no bribe, but the only way out of a most serious deadlock, while the infamy of the transaction existed only in the imaginations of the Governor-General's accusers. The men really at fault were those who framed the Act of 1773. We have frequently had occasion to praise this most valuable Series, and Captain Trotter's life of Warren Hastings is an excellent summary of an important period in the making of the Anglo-Indian Empire. It is doubtful whether the University of Oxford should authorise such a phrase as "the question of punishment was allowed to slide," but in spite of this Captain Trotter has produced a very useful sketch of the life of a great man.

A capital book for a Christmas present is "Famous Musical Composers," by Lydia T. Morris (T. Fisher Unwin). It is excellently printed and beautifully bound, and will be very popular with school-girls in the "finishing" stage, who have a taste for music as distinct from piano-banging. The book contains short biographies of the great composers from A. Scarlatti to Brahms, Dvorák and Grieg, and there are something like a dozen woodcuts of the better-known amongst them. Some of the biographies are very short, but they will at least give students a clear idea of the identity of the composer whose works they are studying or listening to.

Latin is now learned in a hurry at most schools, as the average boy cannot now devote five hours a day for seven years to the Classics. The old method turned out ripe scholars, but taught the average dunce little, and so, to keep pace with the times, Mr. M. C. Hime, M.A., LL.D., Head Master of Foyle College, Londonderry, has published an "Introduction to Latin" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). The work is in two parts. Part I. contains the Accidence and Prosody, and Part II. the Syntax and Exercises. It summarises the old grammars and exercise books, and its author claims for it that, after going through it, the pupils will be able to read any easy Latin author.

Some amusing little sketches of military life in peace and war are contained in "Frays and Forays," by Captain G. J. Younghusband (Percival and Co.). All stories of a soldier's life are popular just now, and this volume, which gives an excellent idea of military life in India, will certainly be read. The author's experiences in Afghanistan and the Soudan are given, as well as his life in India.

Belated people who are still arguing on the merits of rival winter resorts will find "Teneriffe," by G. M. Strettell (T. Fisher Unwin), a book worth reading. It contains the author's personal experiences of the island as a health resort, and should certainly be read by anyone who contemplates wintering in Teneriffe. It is an essay on the island, and not a guide-book, but will be found an excellent supplement to the ordinary hand-book.

A guide-book pure and simple is "The Riviera and Florence," by C. B. Black (A. and C. Black). It is the seventh edition of this well-known guide, and is very full of information for the traveller in a small compass. It contains thirteen maps and thirteen plans of towns, and is clearly and concisely arranged, but perhaps it may puzzle the intelligent by its blue cover.

The thirteenth volume of Professor Masson's "Collected Works by Thomas de Quincey" (Adam and Charles Black), contains the "Tales" and "Prose Phantasies," and among them are, "Murder Considered as a Fine Art," "The Spanish Military Nun," "The English Mail Coach," and "Suspiria de Profundis."

The excellent "Silver Library" has been enriched by a new edition, in two volumes, of "Carlyle's Life in London," by J. A. Froude (Longmans, Green, and Co.). This portion of Carlyle's life opens in 1834, when he was thirty-nine years of age, and had just begun his residence in Cheyne Row, and comes down to that snowy morning in February, 1881, when the great master-mind of this century was buried in Ecclefechan Kirkyard in the presence of a few out of the many who would willingly have been present. It is greatly to the credit of the reading public that they have called for a cheaper edition of this noteworthy book, and have not remained content with skimming the copies sent out by the circulating libraries.

To most people the name of William Mulready, R.A., suggests the Mulready envelope, and that only, so true is it that great men are very frequently not remembered by their best work, but by something they themselves despised, which has caught the public attention and lingered in the public memory. What else the artist was besides being the designer of the envelope which bears his name can be learned from the new volume of a series called the "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists," "William Mulready, R.A.," by F. G. Stephens (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Limited). Mr. Stephens gives a capital little sketch of Mulready's early troubles and ultimate successes, and an additional value is given to the book by the reproduction of many of the artist's studies and drawings, the studies from life especially showing a wonderful mastery over the drawing of the human figure. The series is a most useful one, for it deals chiefly with artists who flourished before autobiographies and reminiscences had become the fashionable occupation for the last years of a man of any celebrity.

The twenty-fourth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) contains the lives of English worthies from Hailes to Harriot. Amongst the more famous personages are John Hampden, Handel, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, King Harold, many Halls, and about one hundred pages of Hamiltons. The way in which this splendid work keeps up to the level of its own excellence is really wonderful

"Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses and Code" (H. Sell) increases in size and value every year. It is invaluable for business men for it contains 20,000 telegraphic addresses, collected by Mr. Sell without any assistance from the General Post Office, which seems reluctant to publish the names of the owners of registered telegraphic addresses, a reluctance naturally not shared by the owners of the addresses themselves. The price of the stout volume is five shillings.

New Music

Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.——There is a simple pathos in "Children's Dreams," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Frederic H. Cowen, which will go to the heart of all parents; this song is published in three keys.—Two very pleasing songs, for which H. Martyn Van Lennep has composed the music, are, "In Seville's Groves," a Spanish bolero song, words by R. S. Hickens—decidedly out of the common groove—published in D and in F; and "Return With the May," words by Mowbray Morris of somewhat a conventional type, but bright and tuneful.—"Across the Still Lagoon" is a graceful serenade in 6-8 time, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Henri Logé.—No. 10 of the thriving young periodical, *The Burlington Music Books*, contains six songs for ladies' voices. Of this group two are sacred, "The Many Mansions," words by John Muir, music by Edith Cooke, and "The Christian's Good Night," written and composed by Miss E. Doudney and Miss Lindsay; three are of a cheerfully sentimental type, "The Light Upon the River," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by A. H. Behrend; "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," from Balfe's opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, and "Something Tells Me," words by Arthur Chapman, music by Berthold Tours. One which will serve as an encore to either of its companions is "Three Strings to Her Bow," the lively words by Clifton Bingham, the tuneful music by Arthur W. Marchant.—No. 11 of the above-mentioned series is a Dance Album containing six well-known specimens of dance music by popular composers: "Bride of the Wave Waltzes," by Leonard Yorke, are melodious, and the time is well marked; "The Chappie Polka," by Florence Fare, is very dance-provoking; the frontispiece, with its three Napoleon players, is very funny.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.——Two songs which will find favour with youthful lovers are, "Say But the Word," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Felix Corbett, and "A Song from My Heart," written and composed by Frank L. Moir.—Full of tender pathos is "The Cry of the Little Ones," the touching words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Stephen Adams; a successful career may be anticipated for this song, one of its composer's best efforts.—There is the same vein of healthy sentiment as in the above-named song to be met with in "The House Where I Was Born," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy.—"Spring and Autumn" is a bright and cheerful song, words by Arthur Chapman, music by L. Denza.—Nos. 112 and 113 of the highly-appreciated series, "The Cavendish Music Books," are, the former twelve standard "Tenor Songs," noteworthy amongst which are "There is a Flower that Bloometh" (Vincent Wallace), "We May Be Happy Yet" (Balfe), and "Yes! Let Me Like a Soldier Fall!" (Vincent Wallace). The latter contains "Short Pieces for the Pianoforte by Mendelssohn and Beethoven." Six were composed as a Christmas present for his young friends, by Mendelssohn (Op. 72), the remainder of the contents are "Seven Bagatelles," by Beethoven, (Op. 33), valuable change for a shilling.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Every one must respect the purpose which runs through the compositions of the Rev. F. Harold Williams, author of "Woman Must Weep," who now issues his complete works under the title "'Twixt Kiss and Lip; or, Under the Sword" (Gardner and Co.). Mr. Williams is certainly a voluminous poet, for there are in this volume some eight hundred and twenty-seven pages of lyrics, containing altogether 40,000 lines. The author has a *naïve* consciousness of holding a unique literary position. "Nothing," he writes, "has given me more intense pleasure than the fact that I am the accepted Poet of Purity, 'the Laureate of the Army of the White Cross,' and the 'Laureate of the New Crusade.'" Further on he observes: "When the great and gifted Bishop of Derry, Dr. Alexander, *quem honoris causâ nominatum volo*, pronounced that many of my ballads in 'Woman Must Weep' *abounded* in '*semina æternitatis*,' and I had 'done a noble piece of work,' I felt satisfied that I had indeed spoken as God's man." We must confess that a good deal of Mr. Williams's work appears to us to want finish. He would perhaps have done better had he written less, labouring longer over each poem. One achievement, such as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," is worth any number of lines of third-rate verse, however sincere or enthusiastic their author. For instance, the grammar and the sense are hopelessly at variance in these two stanzas taken from the poem "On a Railway Platform:"—

> And in the thickest of the crowd
> I saw unearthly shapes,
> Some fair as angels, brightly browed,
> And some as hideous apes;
> Both leading and misleading all,
> For welfare or for woe:
> And those that hearkened to their call
> Were doomed like them to grow,
>
> Till they became celestial forms,
> Or into devils turned,
> Who soared above the stress of storms,
> Or with hell-torments burned.
> While under some who blindly raved,
> Would dread abysses yawn;
> And gracious palms for others waved
> With crowns of golden dawn.

Still Mr. Williams's sentiments and motives are so unexceptionable that it is to be regretted that he should too often come perilously near the brink of bathos. His meaning is at times obscure. For example, we have not even the remotest idea of what may be the precise signification of the title he has chosen for this volume. Many honest folk will nevertheless, we make no question, find delight and edification in "'Twixt Kiss and Lip."

A volume of a much livelier character is Mr. Walter Parke's "The Merry Muse, with Graver Moments" (Ward and Downey). Many of these verses have already appeared in *Funny Folks*, the *Drury Lane Annual*, and *The Theatre*. They are in numerous instances bright and witty, and one or two are really very funny, and well adapted for recitation. Perhaps the best of them all is "The Strange Story of Stickler," which opens the volume.

"Blancor Dash," author of "Tales of a Tennis Party," gives us a new book of his composition, "Dreaming" (Kegan Paul). He evidently is perplexed in the presence of large themes, and his attempt at their interpretation in his sonnets leaves us without any consciousness of enlightenment. Nor do we like the excision of words as practised in Sonnet VIII., for instance:—

> To seek live in thy heart,
> To strive be worthy thee in everything—
> That was my life: though thou should'st bid me go,
> Is all this reason thou should'st scorn me so?

Duelling in Japan is to be put down at once, according to a severe edict from the Mikado. Any person accepting or provoking a duel will be heavily fined and condemned to the galleys for a period of from six months to two years. The seconds will be punished in proportion, while any one criticising a man who refuses to fight will be punished for libel.

THE WALKER ENGINEERING LABORATORIES

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL

NO profession has made more important advance in recent times than that of engineering. It is true that some very ancient structures, such as the Pyramids of Egypt, and, later, the Roman Aqueducts, are no mean feats of engineering skill, but the modern processes of manufacturing iron and steel, and the consequent introduction of these metals on the largest scale into common use, the invention of the steam-engine, the introduction of machine tools, have made engineering the vast factor it has now become in the daily life and progress of the world. In the infant days of engineering the definite calling of an engineer did not exist. We find the first great engineers drawn from various other callings, even in the humblest ranks of life; thus, Stephenson was a pit-boy, Watt a mathematical-instrument maker, Telford a stone-mason, some, even of the greatest living engineers, did not originally learn that profession, while its pioneers had in many cases but a scant education of any kind.

In the early days of the profession each problem had to be dealt with as it arose, and, with the great expansion of trade and the development of manufactures, the need for engineering works became so great as to ensure the success of any one who turned the light of common-sense upon a comparatively new subject. Now all this is changed. Competition has become keener and keener, and is not only of a local, but of an international, character. At the same time, the science of engineering has developed almost as rapidly as the profession itself, so that the knowledge and training necessary for the production of a skilled engineer are very different from what they were fifty years ago. It is therefore necessary that the practical training in the workshop of a mechanical engineer, or in the office of a civil engineer, must be supplemented by theoretical teaching. Thus, Schools of Engineering, in many cases magnificently equipped, have arisen in France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, America, and even Japan. England, though not so quick as some foreign countries to recognise the advantages of technical education, has Schools of Engineering in London and other large cities. Liverpool, in spite of the immense debt which it owes to engineering, was one of the last towns to establish a similar School. The nucleus, as in the case of many other Engineering Schools, was merely a Chair tacked on, as it were, to the existing University or College. The advantages of this course are obvious, for there already exist facilities by which engineering students may attend classes and lectures given by eminent men, such as Dr. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Professor Carey, Fellow of Trinity College, and Dr. Campbell Brown, in Physics, Mathematics, and Chemistry.

In 1884, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., the endowment of a Chair of Engineering for five years was secured, and Professor Hele-Shaw, M.I.C.E., who held a similar Chair at the University College, Bristol, was appointed to the post. The entries at first were not very numerous, but they rapidly rose, and the temporary premises in which the work of the Department had been carried on became utterly insufficient for the young and flourishing School. It was then that Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart., the well-known brewer, who had already built the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool, at a cost of 40,000*l.*, upon being put in possession of the facts of the case generously promised a sum of 15,000*l.* to furnish and equip a suitable building for the Engineering School in commemoration of the Jubilee year of Her Majesty the Queen, expressing his pleasure that it was proposed also to use the building as far as possible for the evening instruction of artisans. The plans which the Professor of Engineering had drawn up were then put in the hand Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and an Engineering Committee was formed, consisting of between twenty and thirty of the most influential engineers of the district, John Pearson, Esq., Chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, being elected Chairman; Henry Shield, Esq., partner of the firm of Fawcett, Preston, and Co., Liverpool, Vice-Chairman; other members including the chief mechanical engineers of the London and North-Western Railway, the Midland, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Great Western Railway, and the London and North-Western Railway, the Chairman and Chief Engineer of the Liverpool Dock Estate, the chief local marine engineers and shipbuilders, and other well-known gentlemen, Professor Hele-Shaw acting as Secretary. Shortly after the committee commenced its work, it sustained a severe loss in the person of the Chairman, who had been from the first consulted by Sir Andrew Walker, and Mr. Shield was elected to fill his place. The labours of these gentlemen, in conjunction with the architect, have resulted in producing what must be regarded as one of the largest and most complete buildings of the kind in the country, if not in the world, the total cost, munificently defrayed by Sir Andrew Walker, being 23,000*l.*

The building consists of three storeys, attached to another of one storey, the latter being the wood-work department, of which both external and internal views are shown in the engravings. The main building consists of three floors, and is built in terra-cotta and grey brick. It is entered through a fine archway of terra-cotta work of Norman character, and a vestibule which leads up to the main entrance-hall by a few steps, being separated from it by means of a screen of folding-doors. The steps in question are spanned by an arch supported on granite columns; the walls of the hall being decorated with *faience* work, and the floor paved with a Mosaic pattern of simple, though elegant design. In the hall stands a full-length marble statue of H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany (who took a keen interest in technical education), by Count Gleichen, presented by Sir Andrew Walker, and to the right of it is a balcony looking over the main laboratory, and arranged so that the work going on may be seen by visitors without the necessity of the laboratory itself being entered by them during work hours. Passing straight onwards across the hall is a short passage with the porter's rooms on the right, and the students' cloak-room and dressing-room on the left; at a higher elevation in which is an iron gallery, round which are lockers for coats and clothes suitable for workshop use. Descending a few steps at the end of the passage is the wood-working department, separated from the main building by a fireproof door. This department (see engraving) is fitted with twenty-five joiners' and pattern-makers' benches, and complete wood-working machinery (by Robinson and Sons, of Rochdale) which, together with the ten wood-turning lathes and the dynamos for lighting by electricity is driven by means of a gas-engine. To the right of the entrance to the foregoing department is an entrance to the spacious Main Laboratory, which is lighted in a perfect manner on all sides, the walls being of glazed brick, and the floor of wood blocks in herring-bone pattern. The first object which strikes the attention is the imposing testing machine by Messrs. Buckton and Co., of Leeds, capable not only of breaking a specimen with a force of one hundred tons, but by means of a special contrivance by which the centres can be adjusted, of also performing the finest and most delicate tests with a force as small as one ounce. At this end of the Laboratory are arranged various smaller testing machines, amongst which are a five-ton Richlé machine, a Tangye cross-breaking machine, cement testers, lubricant testers, &c. At the other end is a triple-expansion steam-engine of 150 h.-p., by Messrs. Forrester and Co., of Liverpool, specially designed to suit the requirements of the Professor of Engineering, while various machine tools, too numerous to mention, of the most approved type, by such firms as Tangye, Smith, and Coventry, Muir, &c., are shown by a study of the engravings, conveniently arranged and supplied with power by a 40 h.-p. vertical engine of Messrs. Robey and Co., of Lincoln. It is needless to say that there is also a complete equipment of benches, vices, and all the ordinary smaller tools of an engineering establishment, while two travelling cranes, of two tons and one ton respectively, enable the work to be conveniently handled. There is also an experimental Worthington pump, a Westinghouse air-compressor, a large dynamo for generating electricity for the whole of the main building, which is also lighted throughout by an alternative system of gas. Adjoining the Main Laboratory is the boiler house, which not only contains a large marine boiler and also one of locomotive type, but a furnace and plant for iron and brass moulding and casting on a small scale, a forge, anvil, and other similar appliances.

The first-floor is reached either by a spiral staircase from the Main Laboratory, or from the Main Entrance Hall. It contains the Museum, in which cases for engineering models and specimens of all kinds are placed; a Lecture Hall of unique design, which is lighted from the roof, and seats one hundred and twenty-eight students, each having a separate desk. The fittings are in many points novel, and the acoustic properties are excellent. Beside the Lecture Hall is the Apparatus Room and Professor's Private Laboratory, communicating with the Main Laboratory below by means of a hoist. A large class-room and the Professor's and his assistant's rooms complete the arrangements on this floor. Passing up the main staircase, the upper tiers of seats in the Lecture Hall are reached from a balcony which overlooks the Museum; there is also a room for storing and preparing diagrams. Ascending still further to the second floor, the well-lighted Drawing Hall (well shown in the engraving) is reached. Each student is provided with a separate drawing-table and electric lamp, and a class of forty can be accommodated. There is also a smaller class-room, the student's common room, and two lecturer's private rooms on this floor; while above them is a photographic room for preparing the lecture-lantern transparencies, and copying engineering drawings and tracings.

From the foregoing brief account of the Walker Laboratories it will be evident that there is in them every appliance for teaching the science of engineering, and also for acquiring the rudiments of its practical application. At the same time, the Professor of Engineering fully recognises the fact that the profession of engineering cannot be acquired merely in any engineering school, but that the practical training under an engineer is in all cases absolutely essential to qualify for practice in the profession. With this end in view, the engineers in the locality co-operate as far as possible by receiving students, and in a large number of cases allow College students to enter their works for the six summer months of the year on the condition of their completing six winter months in the engineering department of the College. Each year a larger number of students are recommended by them to avail themselves of the advantages that the College affords, as they have found that such preliminary training is not only of the highest advantage to the pupils themselves, but has the effect in most cases of rendering a pupil almost immediately of valuable service.

From the study of the engineering prospectus it will be seen that courses of study are provided in Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering, the two latter being arranged for three years and the former for two. The time-tables clearly indicate that little spare time is allowed to a student who takes the whole course. Advanced students are permitted to take the second or third year's course at once on their entering the College. On the other hand, in many cases students are coming who do not intend to enter the engineering profession at all, but whose parents (manufacturers, shipowners, &c.) recognise the great value of some acquaintance with the science and practice of engineering, which has now become almost indispensable in many kinds of business, and prefer to send their sons for a year to the College on leaving school before putting them into their own business.

The matter of fees is so important that it cannot be overlooked, and it may be remarked that a single course of engineering lectures for the whole session costs 4*l.*, while entrance to the Laboratory and Workshop is obtained for a fee ranging from 6*l.* to 10*l.*

It is, therefore, not to be wondered that although the new engineering buildings have only been opened for one session, there are now forty-five engineering students, who are being drawn not merely from Liverpool, but from various parts of the country, notably from several of the larger public schools, with the result of a large infusion of life and vigour into the Engineering School, which, by means of a Students' Engineering Society, excursions to various engineering works in the neighbourhood, and even to distant places, seems to combine the best advantage for the pursuit of study, in which a keen interest must be felt by all the students.

Our portraits are from photographs:—Sir A. B. Walker by Medrington, 29, Bold Street, Liverpool; Mr. Shield by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly; and Professor Hele-Shaw by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Royal Studio, 31, Bold Street, Liverpool. Our illustrations of the Laboratories are from photographs by Robinson and Thompson, 57, Bold Street, Liverpool. The Chair of Engineering has now been permanently endowed by the late Mr. Thomas Harrison, the Liverpool shipowner.

The Engineering Committee and the College generally are to be congratulated upon seeing a work begun under such humble, not to say discouraging, conditions, already possessing all the elements of assured success.

H. S. HELE-SHAW



PROFESSOR H. S. HELE-SHAW, M. INST. C.E.,
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SIR ANDREW BARCLAY WALKER, BART.
Donor of the Walker Engineering Laboratories, University College, Liverpool.



HENRY SHIELD, ESQ., M. INST. C.E.,
Chairman of the Engineering Committee, University College, Liverpool.

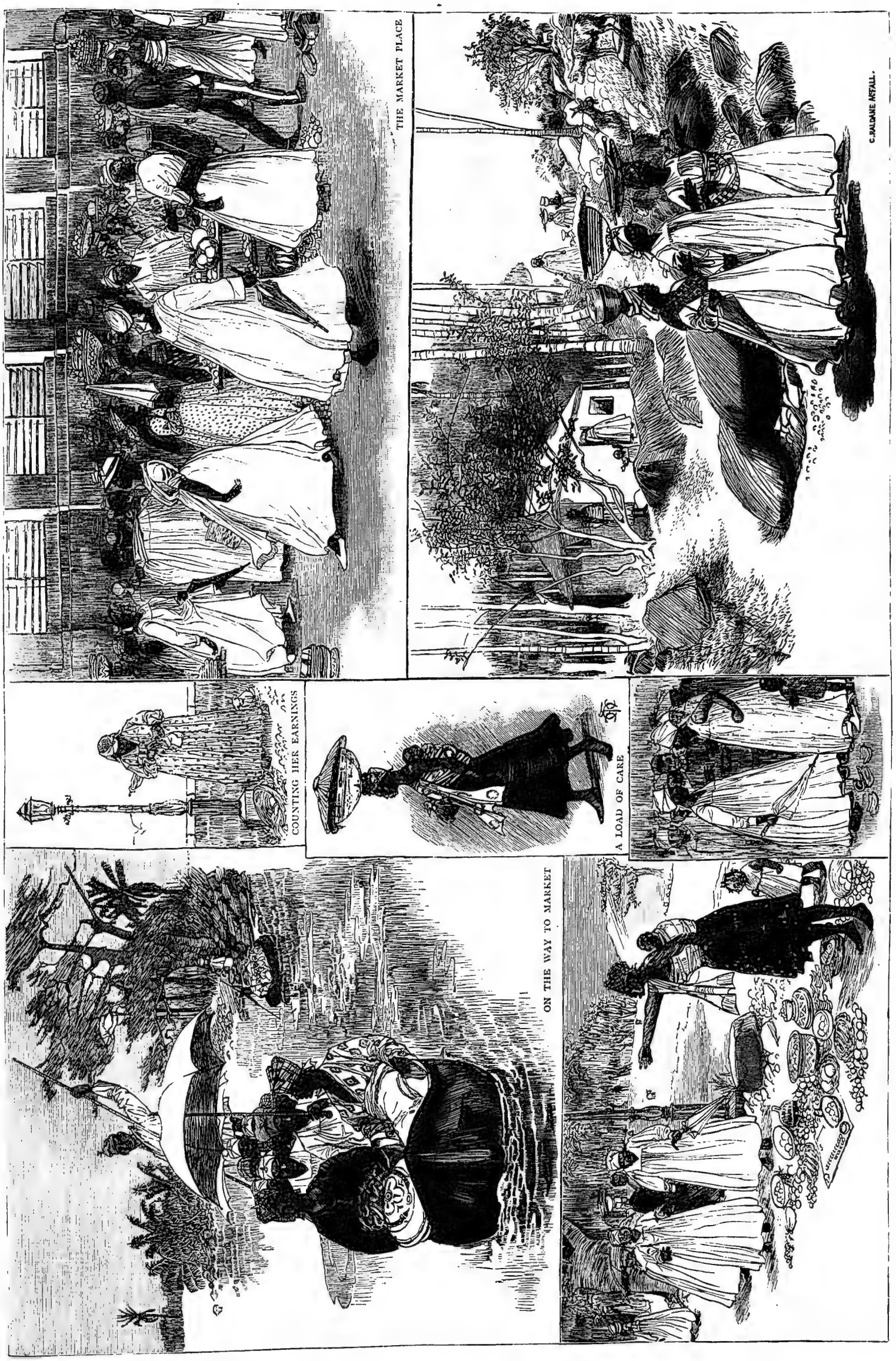
MAGAZINES

I.

MORE recent events have in large measure pushed the Stanley-Barttelot controversy into the background, but the reviews for December are still occupied with the matter. The most important article is "Mr. H. M. Stanley as Leader and Comrade," by Mr. Harry Quilter, in the *Universal Review*, which, though it properly belongs to November, must owing to the date of publication be included among the magazines for this month. Mr. Quilter's paper is a powerful indictment of Mr. Stanley for his treatment of the Rear Column, and incidentally for his conduct of the whole Expedition. Authority is quoted for every statement made, and the reader is asked to accept nothing on hearsay evidence. Mr. Quilter sums up the charges, which he feels confident that he has proved, under twenty-seven heads, and the result of his conclusions is that he exonerates Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson from any responsibility for the failure of the Rear Column, and very sharply attacks Mr. Stanley's conduct throughout the expedition. Most of Mr. Stanley's charges against Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson rest on the evidence of Mr. W. Bonny, but Mr. Quilter points out that there are three distinct reasons for doubting the impartiality of his testimony. Mr. Bonny was the paid servant of Mr. Stanley, and the only member of the Rear Column rewarded by him; unless Mr. Bonny could shift the responsibility to other shoulders he would be held accountable for the two months before Mr. Stanley's return; and, lastly, he had private and particular reasons for disliking his commanding officer, Major Barttelot. Mr. Quilter's arguments are very clearly put, and the article may be looked upon as the reply to Mr. Stanley's statement of his case in "In Darkest Africa."—In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. J. Rose Troup gives an account of his share in the work of the Rear, Column in answer to the strictures of Mr. Stanley. The article is written in temperate, but convincing style. Mr. Troup has the advantage of writing from actual experience about facts which Mr. Stanley can only deal with at second hand, and so far the version of the subordinate seems the more probable. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* reviews the

(*Continued on page 676*)

THE ANGLO-FRENCH QUESTION IN WEST AFRICA—SIERRA LEONE MARKET WOMEN



A "SCOLD"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

RETURNING FROM MARKET

C. PALDANE MSTALL.

THE MARKET PLACE

COUNTING HER EARNINGS

A LOAD OF CARE

ON THE WAY TO MARKET

FOREIGN

THE rivalry of PORTUGAL and Great Britain in EAST AFRICA has again produced a collision, this time in the Manica district of the province of Mozambique. For over three centuries the Portuguese have struggled to control this region, notably for mining purposes, and the recent agreement between the chief Mutaca and Mr. Colquhoun, on behalf of the Chartered Company, roused their bitter wrath. Strictly speaking, the Manica district is merely a small triangle between the Sabi and the Arrungua, or Pungwe, rivers, under Mutaca's rule, but the name is generally applied to a vast area bordering the Zambesi, and subject to the paramount ruler Gungunhana—once favourable to the Portuguese, and now leaning towards the British. The Mozambique Company maintain a Portuguese Resident, Baron de Rezende, at the chief town of Manica, Massi-Kesse. On November 8 the Baron, with the explorer, Colonel Paiva d'Andrade, and Senhor De Souza or Gouveia, as the natives call him, a half-caste local official and slave-trader, is stated to have led 300 men against Mutaca's kraal, pulled down the English standard and hoisted the Portuguese flag. A week after, Captain Forbes came up with the police of the Chartered Company, surprised the Portuguese, and restored the Union Jack, releasing Baron de Rezende, but sending the two other leaders to the Company's head-quarters, Fort Salisbury. Colonel Paiva d'Andrade has since been released. The Portuguese version of the affair, however, declares that the British were the aggressors, and that they attacked the Mozambique Company's establishment at Massi-Kesse, putting the officials to flight. Further details are needed to reconcile these conflicting statements, but it is plain enough that neither party could have heard of the *modus vivendi* by the time of the conflict. Meanwhile a Portuguese Expedition is on its way to Manica to guard and fortify the district. Lisbon treats the dispute in moderate spirit, the excited students excepted, who are forming a Volunteer battalion for Mozambique.

Emperor William of GERMANY has no disposition to prove a second "William the Silent," for his frequent speeches afford his subjects ample food for reflection. Now he has taken up educational reform, and at the opening of the School Reform Committee made a violent attack on the existing system of instruction. Emperor William objects to cramming pupils with the dead languages and classics, whilst they know nothing of their national history—"We should educate young Germans, not young Greeks and Romans"—and he wishes to see more practical lessons inculcated, which shall produce good citizens, not students run to seed who become "hunger candidates" and journalists. Working hours should be shortened, and physical training considered of high importance, His Majesty adding that he knew the evils of the gymnasia from actual experience, and would license no more High Schools than were absolutely necessary. Such plain-speaking has aroused much unpleasant feeling, especially among the abused journalists, and has diverted some of the attention from Dr. Koch, though the rush of patients and doctors continues nearly as great as ever. Indeed the stock of lymph is almost exhausted, and cannot be replenished for a fortnight, while the Professor has gone for a holiday to the Italian lakes, worn out by his labours. Now that the treatment is being tried on all sides, the interest extends beyond Berlin, and the success of the experiment is very various, the lymph having, in some cases, stimulated other diseases. One girl and two men have died after the inoculation, thus justifying Dr. Koch's contention that the remedy is not yet perfected, and must be deadly in inexperienced hands. Accordingly the French Government refuse to authorise experiments until the system is thoroughly tested. Now a remedy for diphtheria is to the fore, the invention of a peasant-physician in Silesia, and so far the experiments made at the Emperor's command have been successful.

The expected Ministerial crisis in FRANCE is averted for the time, and the Ministry are getting through the Budget better than they had hoped. Probably the Estimates will go up to the Senate next week, and Parliament will adjourn early for the holidays, preparations for Christmas being already afoot in Paris. Madame Carnot will present Christmas gifts to 300 poor widows with large families; but alarmists hint that influenza is on the way to spoil the fun, the epidemic having appeared in the South. Parisians are excited over the coming Eyraud trial, as the fashionable subject of hypnotism is likely to be brought forward for the defence of Eyraud's accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard. M. Diaz's new opera, *Benvenuto*, at the Opera Comique proves only a moderate success, but the Palais-Royal scores with a most ludicrous piece, *Un Prix Montyon*, by MM. Valabrègue and Hennequin.

HOLLAND has been placed formally under her new rule. Queen Emma on Monday took a fresh oath as Regent of the Kingdom on behalf of her daughter, the little Queen, as her previous brief Regency was undertaken to replace the invalid King. The ceremony was very impressive, the Parliament House being crowded by the members of the States-General and the Court, in deep mourning, whilst the widowed Queen was much moved as she swore fidelity first to the Kingdom as Regent, and then to Queen Wilhelmina as guardian during her eight years' minority. Subsequently the members of the Council of Guardians were sworn in to assist the Regent in the Government. In his turn the new Grand Duke of Luxemburg took the oath of office on Tuesday, having received an enthusiastic welcome on arriving at Luxemburg the day previous. Crowds thronged the decorated streets, and when the troops marched past the Palace, the people sang the National Anthem with an anti-Prussian variation. Duke Adolphus proposes to pay State visits to the various European Courts next spring.

The Christmas holidays in INDIA are to be enlivened by the meeting of the Sixth National Congress at Calcutta. The new President is Mr. Gantz, the head of the Eurasian Association of Madras, and the Congress promises to enjoy a lively debate over Mr. Bradlaugh's Indian Councils Bill. Natives are no less divided about the marriage-law reform question, though the opposition to any Government legislative interference grows steadily. On the other hand, general approval greets the report of the Factory Commission for its moderation and recognition of the differences between Indian and English factory labour. Madras has bidden an enthusiastic farewell to Lord Connemara, whose rule is much eulogised in the Presidency from an administrative point of view. Lord Wenlock will arrive in time to greet the Czarevitch early next year. Turning to military affairs, the Lushai rebellion will soon be scotched now that all the influential chiefs are prisoners. There is much ferment is UPPER BURMA owing to the agitation of Pretenders and troublesome Chins.

Fears of a general Indian war in the UNITED STATES are calming down. Starvation seems the origin of the movement, even more than the "Messiah" craze, judging from the reports of the military commanders and of a missionary, Father Jule, who ventured into the Indian camp with a message of peace. The chiefs complained bitterly of the Government rations, and declared that the Great Father (the President) intended to cheat them of food through the lying figures of the Census, and had sent soldiers in readiness. They would have one big meal before they starved, and then fight their last fight. The rations are being increased, but General Miles is not very hopeful of the result, as the Indian camp at Badlands is a perpetual danger. But the Washington Government is much more concerned about the financial situation, which is very grave, many important failures having occurred throughout the country. Business men complain that these failures result solely from a short currency, not from lack of assets, and the Treasury is urged to relieve the prevailing "tightness" at any hazard. Mr. Windom replies that as he has circulated large quantities of silver already he cannot allow the Treasury to become bankrupt, and accuses the public of hoarding the money. Still the Government has promised to buy more bonds as a measure of relief. Naturally this crisis brings fresh bills favouring free coinage before Congress, where also the Lower House has just passed the International Copyright Bill, much to the general surprise. Authors and publishers distinctly approve the measure, which, by safeguarding the rights of foreign writers, will prevent American literary talent from being driven out of the market by cheap reprints of foreign works. The collapse of the Irish delegates' mission is the universal subject of interest, and Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon were nearly hunted to death by interviewers until they published a statement that they must keep silence for the present.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A *Cultur-Kampf* movement seems imminent in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, for the Government and the Clergy are at serious war concerning the baptism of children of mixed marriages.—SPAIN has enjoyed her first election under Universal Suffrage. The Government obtained a slight victory, important because the present choice will influence the Senatorial elections next year.—Another important Nihilist trial is proceeding in RUSSIA, the chief accused being a young lady of high position.—Queen Natalie of SERVIA has presented her long-promised memorandum of grievances to the Skuptchina.—CANADA is busily rearranging her trade, thanks to the M'Kinley Act, and has sent a large cargo of eggs to Europe, while the Finance department publish a report recommending poultry exports to England.—NEWFOUNDLAND has suffered from terrible gales, which have caused extensive wrecks and loss of life.

THE COURT

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice spent Saturday with the ex-Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, where they lunched with Her Majesty and visited the Mausoleum of the late Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Imperial. On returning to Windsor, the Queen gave a dinner-party, after which the Royal private band played before Her Majesty's guests. Next morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Connaught, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Bishop of Ripon preached. The Duke of Connaught, as Colonel of the Scots Guards, attended Service with his regiment at Holy Trinity, Windsor, and afterwards inspected the barracks and hospital. The Bishop of Minnesota had audience in the afternoon, while the Bishop of Ripon and Lord Rowton dined with the Royal party in the evening. Prince Henry returned on Monday from staying with Earl and Countess Cadogan at Culford Hall, Suffolk, and the Duke of Connaught went to town to present the prizes to the London Irish Rifles. Sir F. Leighton also presented a report of the Royal Academy of Arts to Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Duchess of Teck and family arrived, and on Wednesday Prince and Princess Henry left Windsor on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. All the members of the Royal family now in England gather at the Castle to-day (Saturday) to commemorate the anniversary of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice's death to-morrow, when the usual Service will be held in the Frogmore Mausoleum. The Queen's Christmas party at Osborne will include the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. On leaving the Isle of Wight in February, Her Majesty will stop at Portsmouth to launch two ironclads, and during the summer the Queen proposes to review the Portsmouth garrison.

The Prince and Princess of Wales invited the West Norfolk Hunt to a lawn meet at Sandringham on Saturday, and, after entertaining the members to breakfast, the whole Royal party followed the hounds. Next day, the Prince and Princess, with their family, the Duke of Cambridge, and other guests, attended Divine service at St. Mary Magdalene's. The house-party broke up on Monday, the Prince coming up to town early to see the Cattle Show and preside at a meeting of the Hackney Horse Society, while the Princess and family followed later, and in the evening the Princes went to the Comedy Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, with their son and daughters, went down to Crichel, Wimborne, to stay with Lord Alington, and to-day (Saturday) they go to Windsor on a visit to the Queen.

Prince and Princess Christian have gone to Berlin to fetch home their daughters, who have been staying with the Empress Frederick. Their second daughter, Princess Louise, is betrothed to Prince Aribert, third surviving son of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. The Prince is a Lieutenant of Prussian Dragoons, and twenty-six years of age, his betrothed being eighteen.

THE "GHOST-DANCES," by which the discontented American Indians in Dakota are working themselves into war-fever, are carefully guarded from the eyes of the whites. Sheets are put round the circle where the ceremony takes place, but the wife of a settler at Pine Ridge peeped through the barrier, and described the dance to a Troy journal, the *Northern Budget*. The Indians cut down the tallest tree they can find, and set it up in a broad, level piece of prairie. Four of the head men stand under the tree, and the other members of the tribe form a circle, and go round in one direction until they grow dizzy, when they turn and move in the opposite direction till they faint with exhaustion. Some of the bucks are in full war-paint, and others are robed in white cotton pulled over the head to simulate ghosts. They shut their eyes and bow their heads, murmuring a monotonous chant—"I see my father, I see my mother," &c. Each Indian has four clubs, composed of round stones twisted in raw hide, and he throws these about during the dance, beats his head against the weapons, and finally strews them over the ground. The dances begin on Friday afternoon, and last till Sunday at sundown, when the braves are so worn out that several have died from the exertion and want of food, as they fast the whole time. Their great desire is to fall into a trance, when they expect to behold the Messiah. They believe that these ghost-dances and making medicine will bring the Messiah, when a deluge of mud will overwhelm the whites, and bury them deep in the earth. The dead Indians who have gone to the happy hunting-grounds, together with the buffaloes, the antelopes, and the wild horses, will return, and vast tracts of land for their possession will rise out of the water where the sun sets. Then the tribes will possess perfect freedom, and no "great Father" (*i.e.*, the President) will command them any more. The "Virgin-Mother" of the pretended Messiah has been arrested, as she was stirring up strife, and announcing her son's speedy coming.

MUSIC

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Arrangements have now practically been settled by Mr. Augustus Harris for a spring season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden, commencing early in March. The official announcement cannot be issued until the conclusion of certain negotiations with the Carl Rosa Company, who had intended to give a fortnight's season at Drury Lane at Easter. It is, however, now proposed that the Carl Rosa Company shall postpone their brief season in order that it may not clash with Italian Opera; and Mr. Harris has provisionally engaged Messrs. Perotti, Fiegna, and Guetary. He has also signed engagements with the Sisters Sofia and Giulia Ravogli, and proposes to perform not only *Orfeo*, but also *Fidelio* and *Carmen*, with Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli in the principal parts. For the grand season which will commence in May, Mr. Harris has retained M. Maurel (although the contract has not yet been signed) in addition to the Brothers de Reszké and other celebrated artists.

GOUNOD'S "MOCK DOCTOR."—The late C. L. Kenny's English version of Gounod's *Médecin Malgré Lui*, with new dialogue, based chiefly upon Molière's story, by Mr. Richard Temple, has for the past week or two been running at the Grand Theatre, and was on Saturday produced at the Globe for a fortnight's season, previous to a provincial tour. The *Mock Doctor* is not by any means the best of Gounod's stage works. Although in order of production it dates fifteen months before *Faust*, it was actually written subsequently to that operatic masterpiece. After the failure of *La Nonne Sanglante*, M. Gounod set about *Faust*, but M. Carvalho, then director of the Théâtre Lyrique, hesitated to produce it because a melodrama on the same subject was running at the Porte St. Martin. Gounod thereupon took up the *Médecin Malgré Lui*, and he finished it in five months. The opera, however, bears no comparison whatever with *Faust*, and those who heard it on Saturday must have marvelled that the same pen could have written the light and pretty music of the *Mock Doctor*, and the Garden Scene in the work by which he is now best known. In *Faust*, M. Gounod shows himself a master of the emotional, dramatic, lyrical, and even the comic styles. But in setting Molière's comedy, the composer has confined himself almost entirely to the lyrical manner. The score, however, contains a great deal of excellent music, particularly the trio for the woodcutter and the two male servants in the first act, the famous Consultation sextet, the serenade, and a portion of the *finale* to the second act, and the quintet and chorus of the villagers in the third. The present version differs from the old inasmuch as the chorus of woodcutters which closes the first act now also serves for an introduction; while a ballet and also a new soprano song for Miss Effie Chapuy are interpolated in the second act. The *Mock Doctor* is now played more or less in a farcical style, and for provincial purposes it bids fair to make a capital comic opera, the more so inasmuch as it provides a strong part for Mr. Richard Temple, who sustains the character of Sganarelle. The rest of the artists are stronger from a dramatic than a vocal point of view.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday Mr. Hamish M'Cunn's setting of James Hyslop's *The Cameronian's Dream*, which was produced in Edinburgh last January, was performed for the first time here. The poem describes in somewhat ornate language a trivial fight which took place between some troopers and a small party of sixty Covenanters at Aird's Moss in 1680. The work is set more or less in narrative form, the choruses being relieved from time to time by solos for baritone. The best portions of the ballad are those at which, just before the conflict, the old Scotch hymn, "Coleshill," is intoned by the orchestra as a last song of the Covenanters, and the realistic description of the strife itself. Mr. Henschel was the soloist. The programme ended with Dr. Parry's *L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso*, which was fully described on its first production at the Norwich Festival last October, but was now given for the first time in London. The difficulties of the choruses proved rather too much for the Crystal Palace Choir, and the soprano, Miss Amy Sherwin, was also much out of voice. This was unfortunate, both for Dr. Parry, who conducted, and for *L'Allegro*, which is one of his best works.

MASTER GÉRARDY.—Although the London public have become almost wearied of juvenile prodigies, yet the young violoncellist, Master Jean Gérardy, who made his *début* at St. James's Hall on Thursday last week, is likely to take a high position here. He is, in fact, a marvellous violoncellist altogether apart from the fact that at the date of his *début* he was a few days short of twelve years old. Not only is he a wonderful executant, his powers temporarily failing him only in the extremely difficult last movement of Goltermann's Concerto in A minor, but also his tone is fully as round and as big as that of almost any adult performer now before the public. His best effort was, perhaps, in Max Bruch's *Kol Nidrei*, and in a show piece, *Le Desir*, by Servais. Gérardy was born at Liège, December 6th, 1878, and studied first under M. Charles Radoux, at the Liège Conservatoire, and afterwards for the violoncello under M. Masson and Herr Bellmann, the latter being the violoncellist of the well-known Heckmann Quartet.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Señor Sarasate, at his final chamber concert on Friday, gave, with Madame Berthe Marx, a brilliant though hardly "classical" rendering of the *Kreutzer* Sonata. It is curious that almost every seat in the hall was filled except those on the orchestra; and the reason is said to have been that the ladies among the audience preferred a facial view to the handsome Spanish violinist's back.—Madame Essipoff gave the last of her concerts on Friday afternoon, the programme being considerably altered owing to another engagement which M. Wolff had accepted. The principal item of the scheme, therefore, was Rubinstein's Sonata in D for violoncello and piano, which had not been announced at all.—The last of the autumn London Symphony Concerts took place on Thursday, the novelty being a suite in E for strings by Miss E. M. Smyth, a talented young English composer who has studied at Leipsic. The suite was originally written for a string quintet, in which form it would have doubtless been more effective than as a piece for orchestra.—At the Saturday Popular Concert, Mr. Borwick again appeared, and for the first time at these entertainments played with Signor Piatti Brahms' Duet sonata in F, Op. 99. On Monday Herr Schönberger made his first appearance at these concerts, giving a charming rendering of Schubert's B minor sonata.—Among other performances to which we cannot refer in detail are Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's Vocal Recital, Herr Klengel's Violoncello Recital (at which he played two difficult movements of a concerto from his own pen), the performance at the Hampstead Conservatory of Professor Bridge's *Repentance of Nineveh*, a performance by the students of Trinity College (London), the Ballad Concert, and concerts given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, Miss Agnes Bartlett, Messrs. Hann, Miss Emily Hawkins, Mr. Norris Croker, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Maurel on Monday gave on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre an interesting lecture upon the vocalists' art, more particularly describing the inflections of voice necessary to depict certain passions and feelings. The examples were taken

from *Otello* (the "Credo"), *Tannhäuser*, and *Rigoletto*.—Madame Marie Rôze will start on her *Carmen* tour through the provinces on February 2. Other operas to be performed are Massé's *Galatea*, Massart's *Dragons de Villars*, and possibly *Fidelio*.—An appeal has been issued by Mr. Henschel to the effect that, if further subscriptions for the stalls are not received in the course of this month, the London Symphony Concerts will be abandoned.—Master Max Hambourg will play at the concert to be given at Prince's Hall on the 17th inst. by the Royal Amateur Orchestra, at which the Prince of Wales will be present.—On Tuesday the "anniversary" performance of *The Gondoliers* took place at the Savoy, Sir A. Sullivan, who conducted, being warmly received by a large audience, who called him on the stage at the fall of the curtain. The cast remains as before, save that an American soprano, Miss Palliser, who possesses a remarkably fine soprano voice, replaced Miss Ulmar as Gianetta.

THEATRES

MR. WILSON BARRETT has made a fairly good beginning at the NEW OLYMPIC. The interior of the new theatre, which occupies a site considerably larger than that of the old one, is pleasing to the eye, and, what is more important, is commodious, and admirably constructed from the point of view of public safety. It might almost be said that it is impossible for any visitor to lose his life from fire in this house, even should flames unhappily break forth during a performance. Certainly, nothing but unreasonable panic or extraordinary ill-luck could produce serious consequences. The twelve hundred pittites—for no fewer will the pit of the New Olympic accommodate—can literally step out into the street with one stride by the aid of either of the two wide exits, whose doors open automatically outward. The stalls and dress-circle are hardly less well provided; and every floor above has its own solid fire-proof staircase, so that there can be no converging streams of terrified fugitives. Besides all this, arrangements are made by which flames and smoke on the stage would be carried at once through the stage-roof instead of into the theatre. Thus another of the most fruitful sources of disaster is averted. We must not omit to add that a word of praise for what the architects call the "lines of sight." From no matter what part of the house a spectator is looking, he is able to obtain a full and uninterrupted view of what is going on upon the stage.

It is to be wished that Mr. Barrett and his coadjutor, Mr. Widnell, the joint authors of the new romantic drama entitled *The People's Idol*, had been able to invent a story of fresher interest than that of the chivalrous hero who, through a chain of untoward coincidences, is wrongly suspected, and even wrongly suspects himself, of having slain a fellow-creature. This is obviously the cardinal element of *The Silver King* over again, with the difference that it is here far less plausible, and, therefore, much weaker as a motive. Lawrence St. Aubrey, J.P. and manufacturer of iron-ware, has really committed no offence against laws, human or divine. While engaged in a mission of peace and good-will, he has been furiously attacked without provocation by a drunken leader of strikes, known as "the idol of the people," and in the scuffle he has thrown his assailant. Clearly justifiable this; but the man dies, and forthwith the high-souled Lawrence is a prey to grief and remorse which convert him into a gloomy master and an uncompanionable husband until the discovery is made that the ruffian who is supposed to have been slain has simply died of heart-disease. The whole situation is strained and artificial, and Mr. Wilson Barrett's passionate energy and lofty declamation, though effective in their proper place, necessarily serve rather to heighten these objections than otherwise. Still the story has many points of interest. Miss Winifred Emery wins sympathy by her tender, frank, and womanly performance of the heroine, and the scene of the hands on strike in the streets of Lanfield is full of fresh observation, and is essentially realistic without the hard prosaic touch which is apt to be found in pictures from the life. Great pains have been bestowed upon the minor characters, which include several sketches cleverly differentiated and firmly drawn. Among these may be cited the demagogue Stevens, played with much force and truth by Mr. Austin Melford; his honest old father, Gabriel, a portrait filled with not less artistic care by George Barrett; and Mr. Hackett, the obsequous foreman of the works, played by Mr. Ambrose Manning. Perhaps the cleverest of all is the loafing striker, with his scraps of Socialistic doctrine, who is distinguished in the bill as "the Buster," and is impersonated by Mr. W. A. Elliot with true humour and an unfailing eye to character. *The People's Idol*, which is in four acts, is put on the stage with great care, and, with all its shortcomings, it seems likely to enjoy a prosperous career.

The first morning performance of *Ravenswood*, given at the LYCEUM on Saturday last for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, brought to the banking-account of that excellent institution 402*l*. This, it is said, implies a house filled to its utmost seating capacity.

Mr. Pigott licensed twenty-three plays last month. This, it must be remembered, is the busy season in this department of the Lord Chamberlain's office.

Mr. George Alexander will follow the example of the New Olympic, and open the ST. JAMES'S with a restored pit and a revised scale of prices. His first venture will be a new play which appears to be of a rather melodramatic character. It has, however, greatly pleased playgoers in New York, where it has already been produced under the title of *The Idler*.

Miss Laura Johnson, whose recent recitals at the PRINCES' HALL gave indications of very remarkable powers, will at last have an opportunity of showing her talents as an actress. On Monday next she will play Ophelia at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, as one of Mr. Hermann Vezin's company.

Mr. Norman Forbes will take possession of the GLOBE Theatre next month. He has adopted the sensible determination to abolish fees. Comic pieces will be the staple of his bill.

A new farcical comedy from the pen of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Lestocq—both better known to the public as actors than as authors—will shortly take the place of *May and December* at the COMEDY Theatre.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has discovered a new dramatist of promise in a well-known journalist whose play entitled *Diamond Deane* will be brought out at one of the HAYMARKET special Mondays.

THE "ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND," which always forms part of the Queen's dinner on Christmas Day, will be cut this year from a fine Devon bullock, now being fattened on the Royal Farm at Windsor. The baron of beef is roasted at Windsor Castle, and appears cold on the Royal sideboard at Osborne, together with the traditional boar's head and game pie.

PRINCESS BEATRICE has just translated a picturesque page of romance from German history, "The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach." The subject of the memoir was an ancestor of the Princess's sister-in-law, Countess Erbach, and was taken prisoner by corsairs, so that excitement is not lacking in his biography, which is compiled from the archives of the Erbach family.

LORD CARRINGTON'S DEPARTURE FROM SYDNEY

THE capital of New South Wales was in mourning on Saturday, November 1st, on which day Lord and Lady Carrington, the most popular pair who have ever inhabited Government House, took their departure for England. The streets along the route had to be kept by the troops in order that the enthusiasm of the crowds which filled them might not impede the progress of His Excellency's carriage. The vehicle itself, as it stood waiting, was invaded by a bevy of ladies, who piled one seat high with specimens of Australia's choicest wild-flowers, of which Lady Carrington is enthusiastically fond, and it was bombarded with other floral tributes in every street through which it passed. Every coign of vantage in George Street



THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CARRINGTON, P.C., G.C.M.G., ETC.
First Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of New South Wales

had been seized, especially in the part fronting the Redfern Railway Station, where innumerable notabilities had assembled to wish Lord and Lady Carrington "God speed."

Our portrait of Lord Carrington represents him in his robes as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of New South Wales. Up to the year 1888 the Freemasons of the colony formed a District Lodge, under the combined jurisdiction of England, Ireland, and Scotland. In that year, however, they became an independent body, following the example set by South Australia in 1885, and being themselves imitated by the Freemasons of Victoria in 1889, and of Tasmania this year. Lord Carrington was appointed the first Grand Master, and has proved exceedingly popular in that position. As his Pro Grand Master he appointed Dr. Harman



DR. HARMAN TARRANT
Pro-Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of New South Wales

Tarrant, a distinguished Colonial Mason, who has been prominently identified with the craft in New South Wales for many years. On his return to England Lord Carrington has necessarily resigned the office of Grand Master, in which he will probably be succeeded by the new Governor, Lord Jersey, a distinguished English Mason. Lord Carrington, we may remark, holds high rank as a Mason in England, being a Past Grand Warden. The Prince of Wales has recently appointed him Provincial Grand Master of the recently formed Province of Bucks, and in this office he will probably be installed next spring.—Our portraits of the Grand Master and Pro Grand Master in their regalia are from photographs by Kerry and Jones, 308, George Street, Sydney.

THE WINTER IN ALGERIA is exceptionally severe this season. Much snow has fallen, and many Arabs and their flocks have died of cold not far from Oran.

RURAL NOTES

"QUEEN'S YEAR" is the phrase already applied to 1890 among stock-breeders. The successes of Her Majesty's exhibits have indeed been very noteworthy, and the awards have in every instance been backed by the judgment of the Show-yard, as well as by that of the executive of the different Shows. At the Birmingham Show the Royal animals carried off three of the five breed cups, the President's prize for best animal in the cattle classes bred and fed by the exhibitor, and the Elkington Challenge Cup for the best cattle beast in the hall. There is another element in these successes which is also pleasant to note. While the South-country farmers are encouraged by the triumph of animals reared in the mild Windsor air, the North British agriculturists are not to be controverted when asserting that "the bonnie heifer which bears the palm was born not far from Aberdeen, while the skilled hands that fed and tended the Royal victors learned their cunning north of the Grampians." The head of the Windsor management bred a Devon good enough to beat the exhibits of all the other competitors, and then a Scottish shorthorn that was held superior to the Devon. It may be added that the Royal farm at Windsor is managed rather economically than otherwise, and instances of far more expensive establishments could be brought forward without even leaving the ranks of the Commoners for the Peerage.

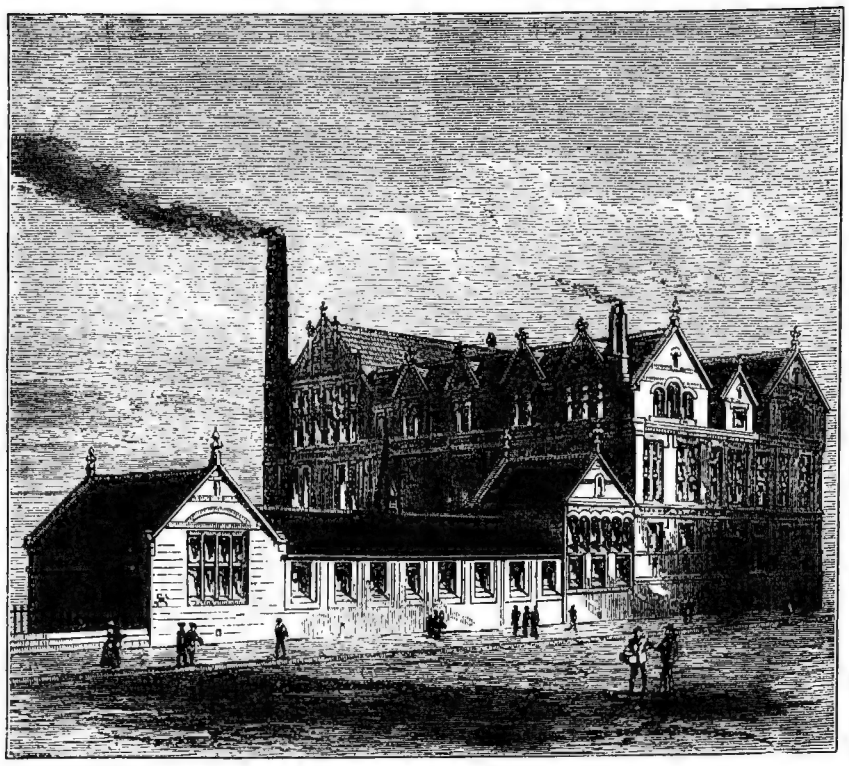
PRIMROSE M'CONNELL is a name rather suggesting Donnybrook or Skibbereen than Balliol College, Oxford. Yet it is from the home of Paul Rondelet, and not from across St. George's Channel, that its bearer hails. It is the name of the clever and clear-headed lecturer on Agriculture, whose efforts to promote agricultural education are beginning to find appreciation far beyond the precincts of his University. His last contribution to the literature of the subject is "a note against teaching both the practice and the science together at a college with a farm attached." This, he declares, is bound to give unsatisfactory results, though the proximity of an experimental farm may be of great use as a means of illustration. His main argument is, that "agricultural science can be taught at any college where there is already a science curriculum, and, in fact, it is only there that we can hope to have the matter developed on a system cheap enough to have it brought within the reach of ordinary farmers."

CATTLE SHOW.——The Islington Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall offers a good representation of all the leading breeds of cattle, sheep, and pigs, whilst the usual multitudinous display of farm implements, dairy, and other appliances remains a feature unrivalled. So, too, do the great root and seed museums continue to make the Smithfield Show famous and popular. What Smithfield lacks is a dressed-meat section—similar to what a single firm, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, have at their stores every week—for which object the Club was partly founded. Her Majesty's numerous exhibits ook a number of prizes in very strong classes. The judging commenced, as usual, on Monday morning. In giving the following chief prizes, it should be noted that the Devon classes were fine throughout; that Herefords were good for quality, if few in number; that Shorthorns were in grand display; Sussex of average excellence; Red Polls in small numbers; Scotch cattle in large numbers and excellent; Welsh classes fair; Highland breed, Kerry and Dexter breeds, in better display than ever before. The sheep classes were good and numerous, and pigs in full numbers. Accordingly, prizes taken were under keenest competition, and not, as is sometimes the case, a simple walk over. Breed Cups—Devon, the Queen; Hereford, Frederick Platt; Shorthorn, the Queen; Sussex, T. B. Haywood; Red Poll or Welsh, H. P. Green, R.P.M.; Polled Aberdeen, Angus, or Galloway, Clement Stephenson; Cross Breeds, John Cudlun; Best Steer or Ox, John Cudlun; Best Heifer or Cow, the Queen. For Best Beast in Show—Princess Josephine II. (Shorthorn), the Champion Plate, to the Queen; Reserve—Reticence (Aberdeen Angus), Clement Stephenson. Thus the Champion and Reserve are both Heifers, *place aux Dames*. In Sheep the Champion Plate went to—Leicesters, Executors of the late B. Painter; Cotswolds, Russell Swanwick; Lincolns, John Pears; Southdowns, W. Toop; Hampshires or Suffolk, W. Newton; Shropshires, Grimwood Cooke; Oxfords, Baron Ferdinand Rothschild; Kentish and Romney, Nursh, or other Long-Woolled Breed, A. C. Skinner; Cross Breeds, James Toop. In the Suffolk Sheep Classes the Marquis of Bristol took the first, second, and third prizes.

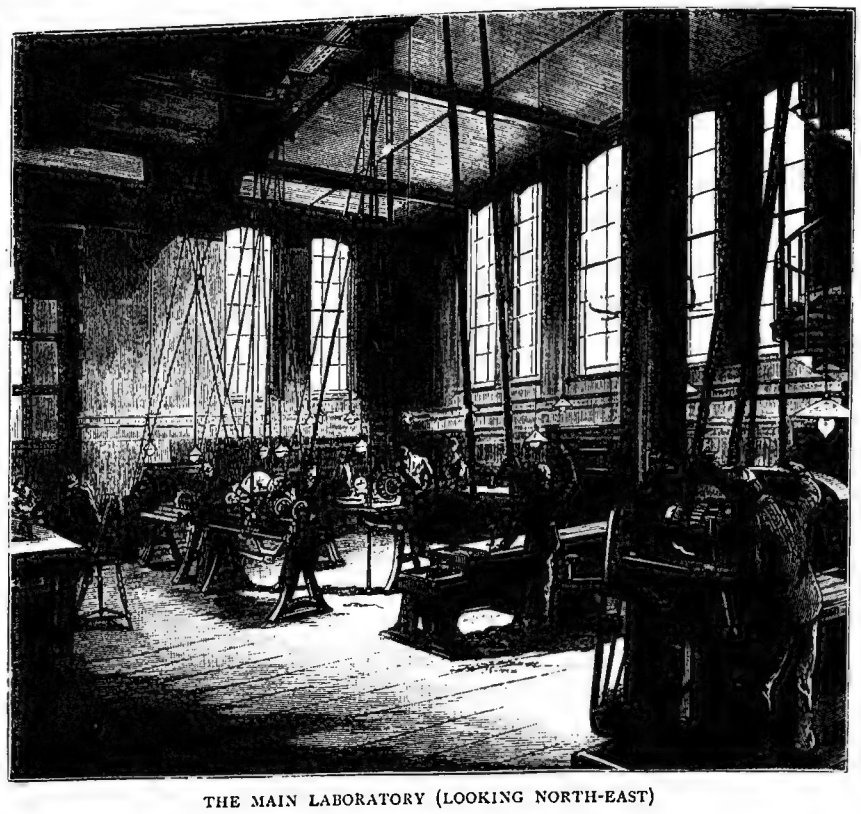
CATTLE SHOWS on paper are given in the agricultural almanacs that appear during the Smithfield Show week. The *Live Stock* Almanac, by Vinton and Co., has great merits in its illustrations and descriptions of the best animals bred and shown in the United Kingdom. Its list of fairs and directory of breeders of live-stock are more complete than any others known to us. Lord Wenlock on horse-breeding and buying and some fifty other experts contribute brief articles of authority on the several subjects about which they write. The work is good, valuable, and cheap.—The *Farmer and Country Gentleman's* Almanac, published at the office of the *Farmer and Stock-Breeder*, is a year-book, in its twenty-seventh year of publication. Its first article, by Sir John B. Lawes, "On the Influence of Weather on the Crops," is followed by some sterling essays on animal nutrition, estate management in detail, the year's agricultural statistics, management of a flock farm, and other class subjects that are well handled, and afford practical instruction to farmers and stock-breeders. Both almanacs have numerous illustrations of animals finely executed, which make a really good Cattle Show. As year-books rather than as almanacs they truly and worthily represent the agricultural position of the United Kingdom.

WEATHER PROPHETS.——The conclusions of Sir John Lawes are not encouraging to the weather prophets, whom he shows to have been in nearly all cases of correct observation purely local men and only right with respect to the weather of a small area. Some of the difficulties involved by this limitation are inferred when he says that 1889 had a wet summer over the United Kingdom as averaged, and that the Western Highlands are as averaged the wettest portion of the United Kingdom, "yet in the summer of 1889 the drought in one district of the Western Highlands was so great that to the scandal of the inhabitants the engines of the railway were running on the Sabbath in order to obtain from a distance the supply of water necessary for the Monday traffic." Severe weather following close on wheat-sowing is a feature, Sir John tells us, we should note, as its effects are very deadly, while a rich harvest will hardly follow a wet and "washing" winter.

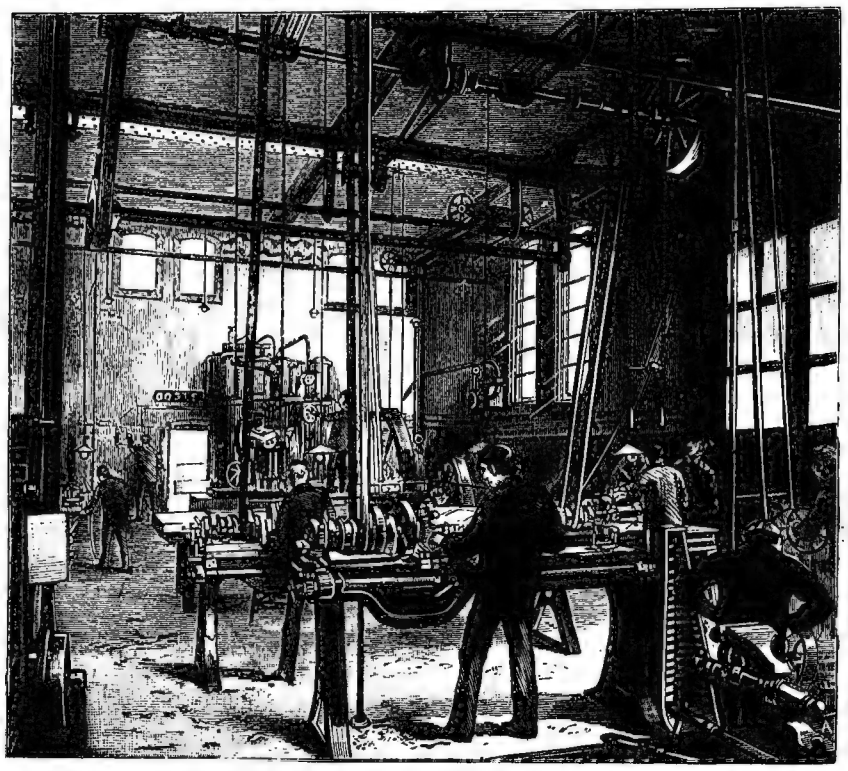
THE SALES OF ENGLISH WHEAT for the first three months of the cereal year—September, October, November—are estimated as having been equal to 2,543,636 qrs., while 6,456,364 qrs. are reckoned as still remaining in farmers' hands. The reserve of breadstuffs on all hands other than farmers' are put at 4,805,774 qrs., and 2,332,000 qrs. are on passage. This gives us a grand total of 13,544,138 qrs. wherewith to tide on till another harvest. Meanwhile, actual wants for the same period will range between nineteen and twenty millions, so that about 5,000,000 qrs. have still to be provided for by means of bargains with the foreigner.



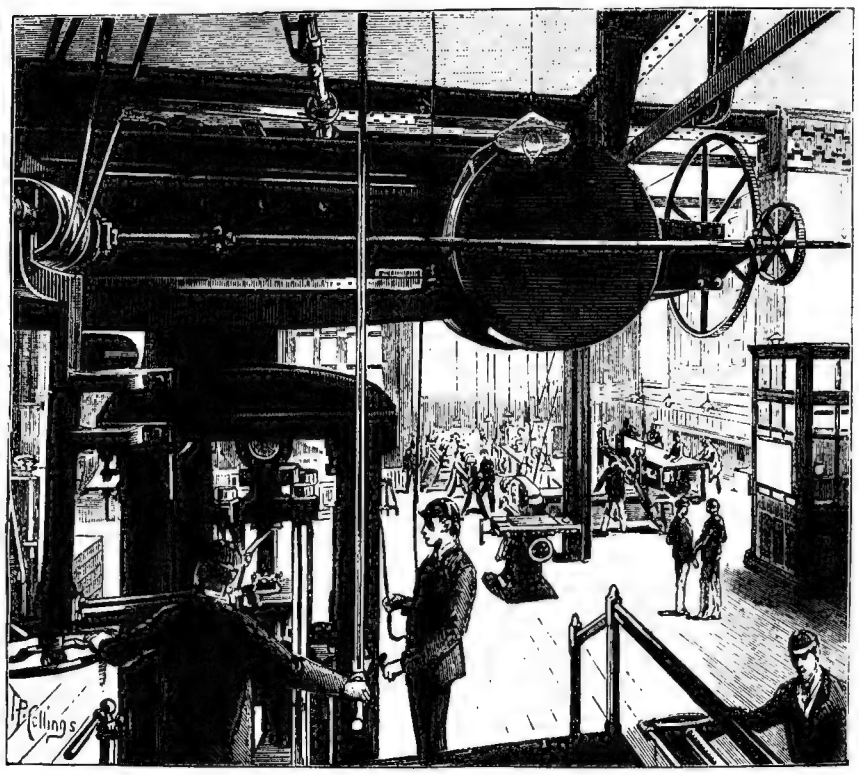
THE VIEW OF THE LABORATORIES FROM BROWNLOW HILL (LOOKING NORTH-EAST), WITH WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT IN THE FOREGROUND



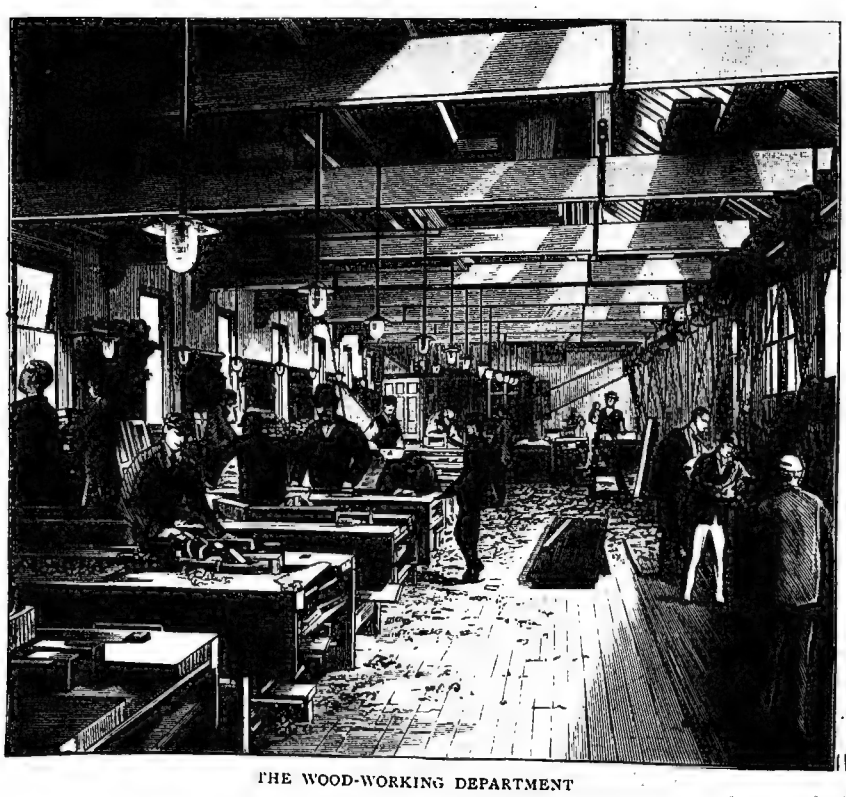
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VI.

THE English have seen themselves through French spectacles often enough of late, but few Gallic critics are as fair and favourable to our land and customs as MM. Myrbach and Villars in their "Sketches of England" (*Art Journal* Office). French people seem so wedded to their own country that it is quite surprising to find this artist and author praising English hospitality, and urging their compatriots to spend a summer holiday amid charming and secluded British scenery. Not that Messrs. Myrbach and Villars left the beaten track themselves when visiting cathedral cities, Kentish watering-places, the Midland manufacturing centres, picturesque Wales, Oxford, and London. Nevertheless, their impressions are fresh and pleasantly strung together, and if M. Myrbach's pencil invests English figures with a French air, most of his black-and-white drawings are charming—far superior to the coloured plates. M. Villars writes agreeably, and grows enthusiastic over the beauty of Englishwomen.—The British Empire beyond the seas next tempts the artist, "Sketches of Indian Life" (Chapman and Hall), by D. Lloyd, depicting the ordinary events and scenes familiar to Europeans in India. Well drawn and coloured, these sketches are distinctly entertaining.

Scientific studies under Miss Arabella Buckley's tuition are made both easy and delightful, as all pupils know who have followed her through the "Fairyland of Science." Now the authoress shows her readers what wonders may be viewed "Through Magic Glasses" (Stanford), when telescope, microscope, and other optical instruments disclose the treasures of earth, sea, and sky. Miss Buckley's clear and simple explanations must impress the dullest understanding, and no better prize could be given than her new volume, with its numerous admirable illustrations.—In a humbler way "Dick's Holidays" (Fisher Unwin), edited by J. Weston, teaches similar lessons on the beauties of Nature, and will make young folks find country life doubly interesting. Here, too, the illustrations are good and plentiful.—Yet more wonders are unfolded in "Magic at Home" (Cassell), where Professor Hoffmann describes a host of entertaining delusions, based upon a French work by M. Good, "La Science Amusante." Most boys will be able to learn such easy tricks after the Professor's plain directions.—To pass from Science to History, a familiar page is turned again in "Fritz of Prussia" (Nelson), by Lucy Taylor, who sketches with a sympathetic hand the career of the late Emperor Frederick III. This is an excellent memoir, accurate and impartial, but needing a little revision in the matter of German names.—Not one chapter alone, but the most salient episodes of a nation's whole existence are treated in "True Stories from French History," by N. Paul; and "True Stories from Italian History," by F. Bayford Harrison (Griffith, Farran), both useful volumes for the schoolroom. The French stories are the better compilation of the two, for, although the Italian stories provide more romantic subjects, the author puts the materials together in very scrappy fashion.—Again, the growth of our own land is told in similar style for younger readers by "Pictures and Stories from English History" and "The Royal Portrait Gallery" (Nelson) which reproduce with pen and pencil the British Sovereigns and the great national events of the British chronicles.—Side by side with the deeds of their ancestors stands the life-work of the Prince and Princess of Wales, recorded by Mr. H. C. Burdett in "Prince, Princess, and People" (Routledge), published in a cheap and enlarged edition, bringing down the memoir to the present day. This volume is a fitting acknowledgment of the interest and practical part taken by the Heir-Apparent and his wife in public affairs.—Not the peaceful and charitable, but the militant, side of English history becomes prominent in Lieutenant-Colonel Spalding's "Epochs of the British Army" (Allen) which sketches in terse style some of the gallant deeds of our soldiers from the Commonwealth to the last Soudan campaign. Why are India and South Africa ignored, by the by? Mr. Simkins's accompanying coloured plates give a good idea of the changes in military equipment.

The search for a great treasure is a standing theme for a sensation story, but "The Aztec Treasure-House" (Sampson Low) places the old plot in a new and exciting light. Mr. Thomas Janvier takes his characters through unknown regions of Mexico to find a lost tribe and city amid most hairbreadth escapes from Indian vengeance, starvation, and the like. He tells his tale with unflagging spirit.—So, indeed, does Dr. Gordon Stables in "By Sea and Land" (Warne), which is more a cheery collection of naval adventures than a connected story.—Home-keeping youths will feel most interest in "Claude and Claudia" (Griffith, Farran)—the portrait of an unstable genius by Mrs. Herbert Martin, or in Mr. Ballantyne's history of poor East-Enders and a gallant Scot, "The Garret and the Garden" (Nisbet).

BIRTH.

HURT—On the 26th ult., at 3, James Street, Oxford Street, W., the wife of Mr John Hurt, of a daughter.

DEATH.

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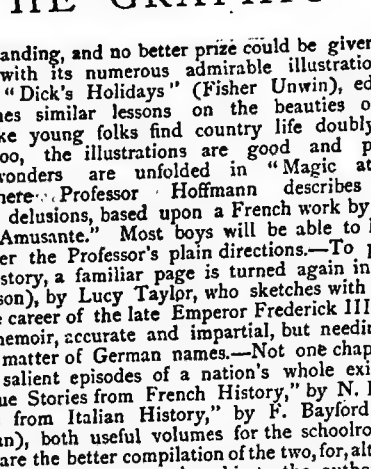
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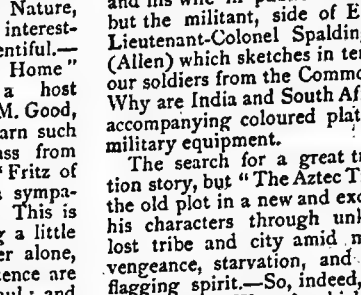
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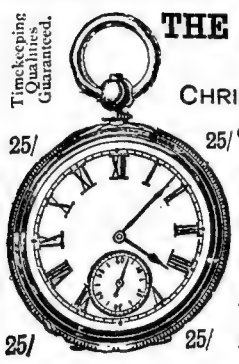
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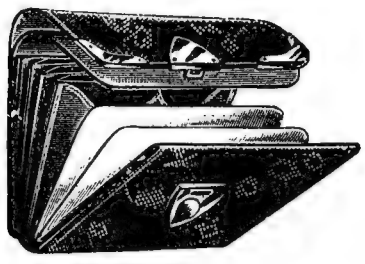
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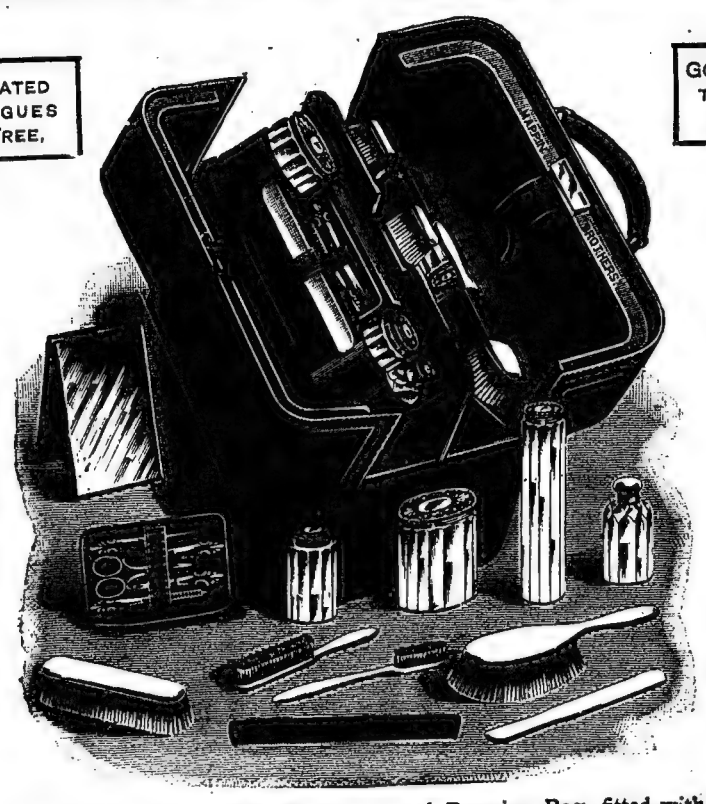
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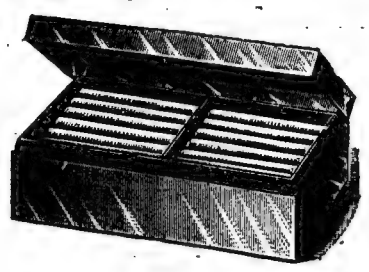
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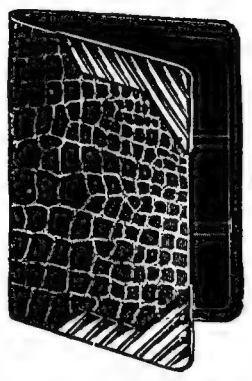


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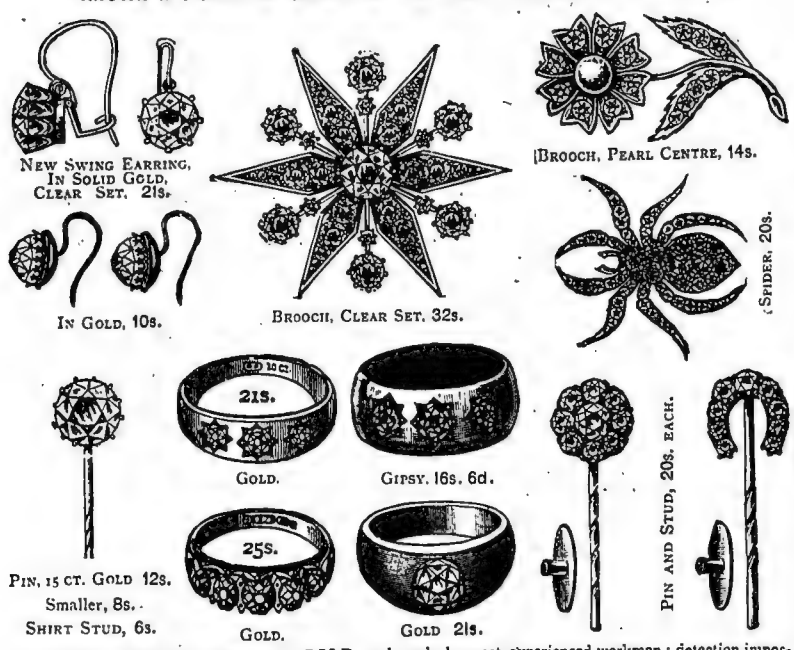
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GENTLEMEN'S DO., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 8s., 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 10s 6d., 12s., 13s. 6d., 15s., 18s., 21s., to 34s. 6d. per dozen.

LADIES' PLAIN BORDERED, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s., 10s., and 12s. per dozen.

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BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

IN 18-CT. GOLD CASES £25

IN SILVER CASES. £15

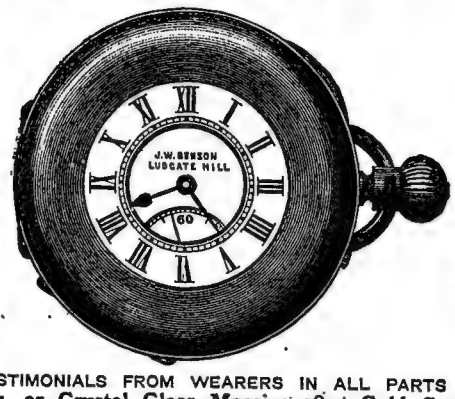
Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear.

KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF CHRONOMETER.

IN 18-CT. GOLD CASES. £25

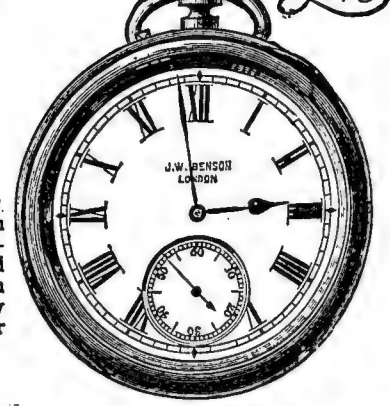


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The Hunting Editor of the *Field* ("Arundel"): "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting-watch as one that can be depended on."—*Field*, March 22, 1884.

For further Particulars see Benson's ILLUSTRATED BOOK containing nearly 200 pages of Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £500. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The largest and most complete Book of its kind published. Post Free on Application.

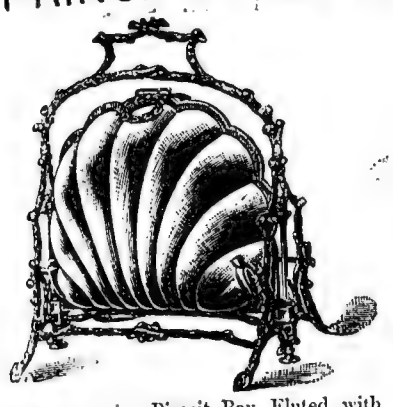
J. W. BENSON, (WATCHMAKER TO H. M. THE QUEEN.) The Steam Factory, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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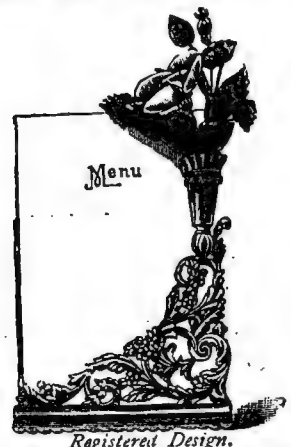
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Fern or Flower Bowl, **£1 5s.**



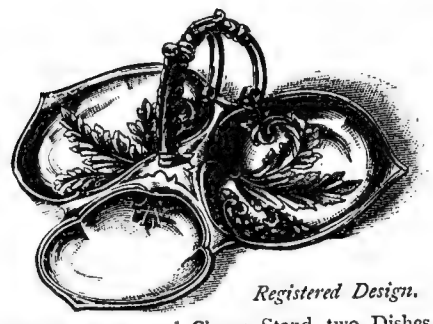
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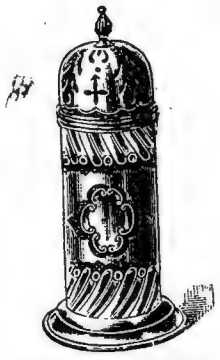
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Solid Silver Menu Holder, with Flower Holder complete, **£2 10s.**



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To hold one bunch, **£2 10s.**
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Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Stand, two Dishes Gilt Inside, one with Glass Lining, **£1 16s.**
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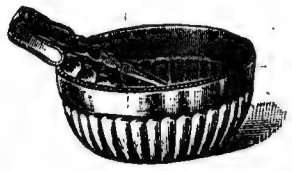


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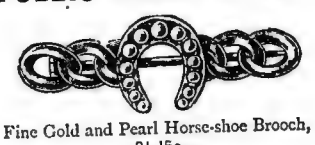
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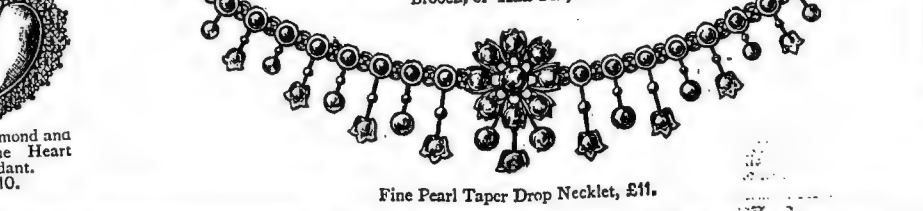
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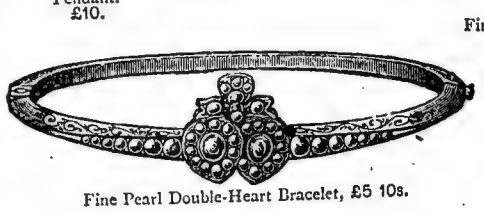
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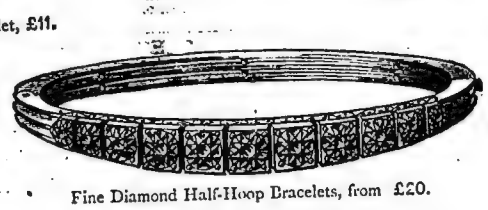
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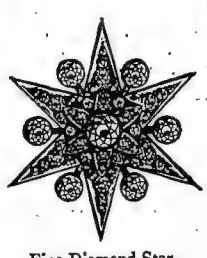
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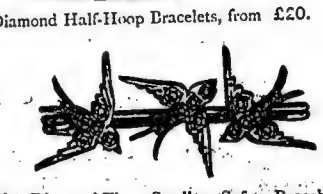
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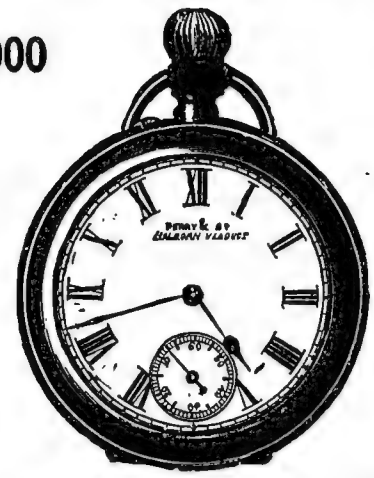
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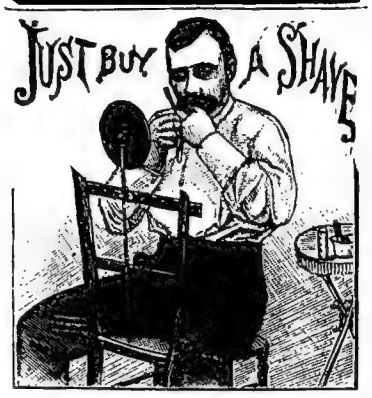
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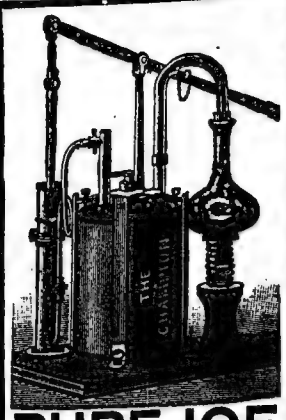
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An intimate combination of ALLEN & HANBURYS' Malt Extract with their well-known Cod-Liver Oil. A valuable nutrient and restorative in which, practically, all flavour of the Oil is effectually overcome.

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BYNOL is not only itself a nutriment of peculiar value, but it also actively promotes the digestion of amylaceous foods.

Put up in Jars, 2s. and 3s. 6d.

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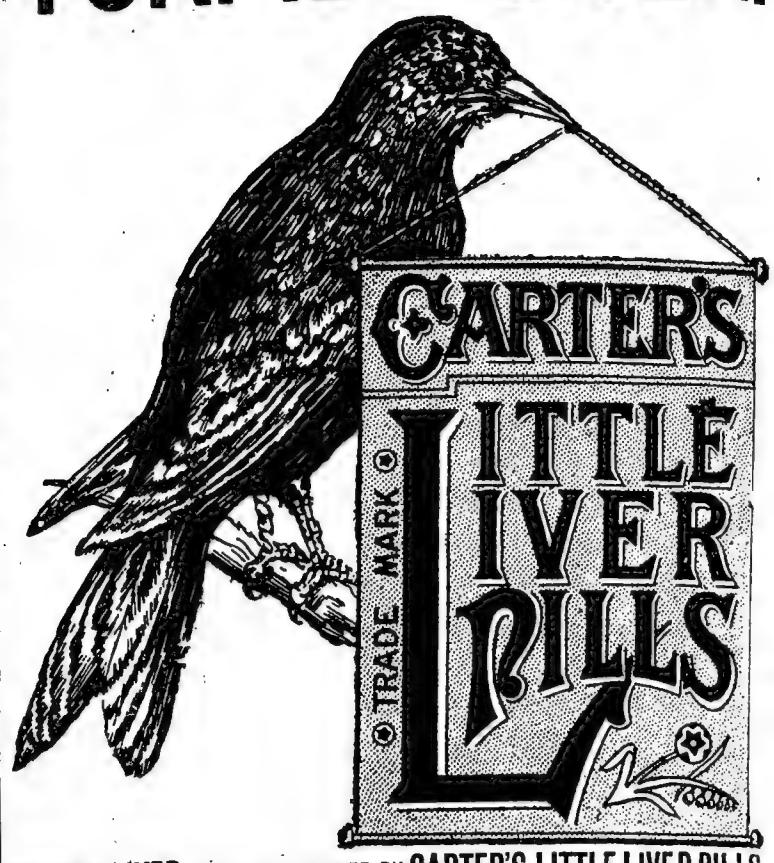
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The above preparations can be had through any Chemist, or direct from the Manufacturers—

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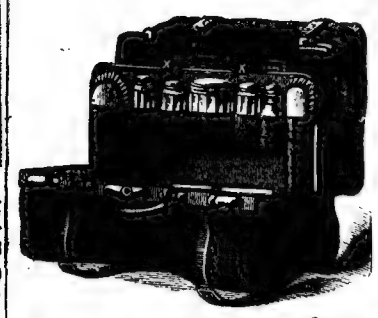


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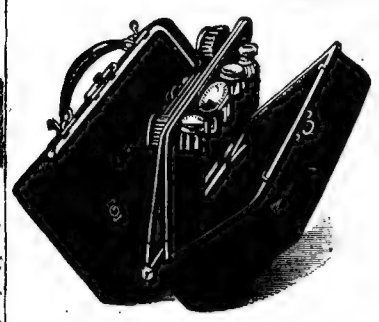
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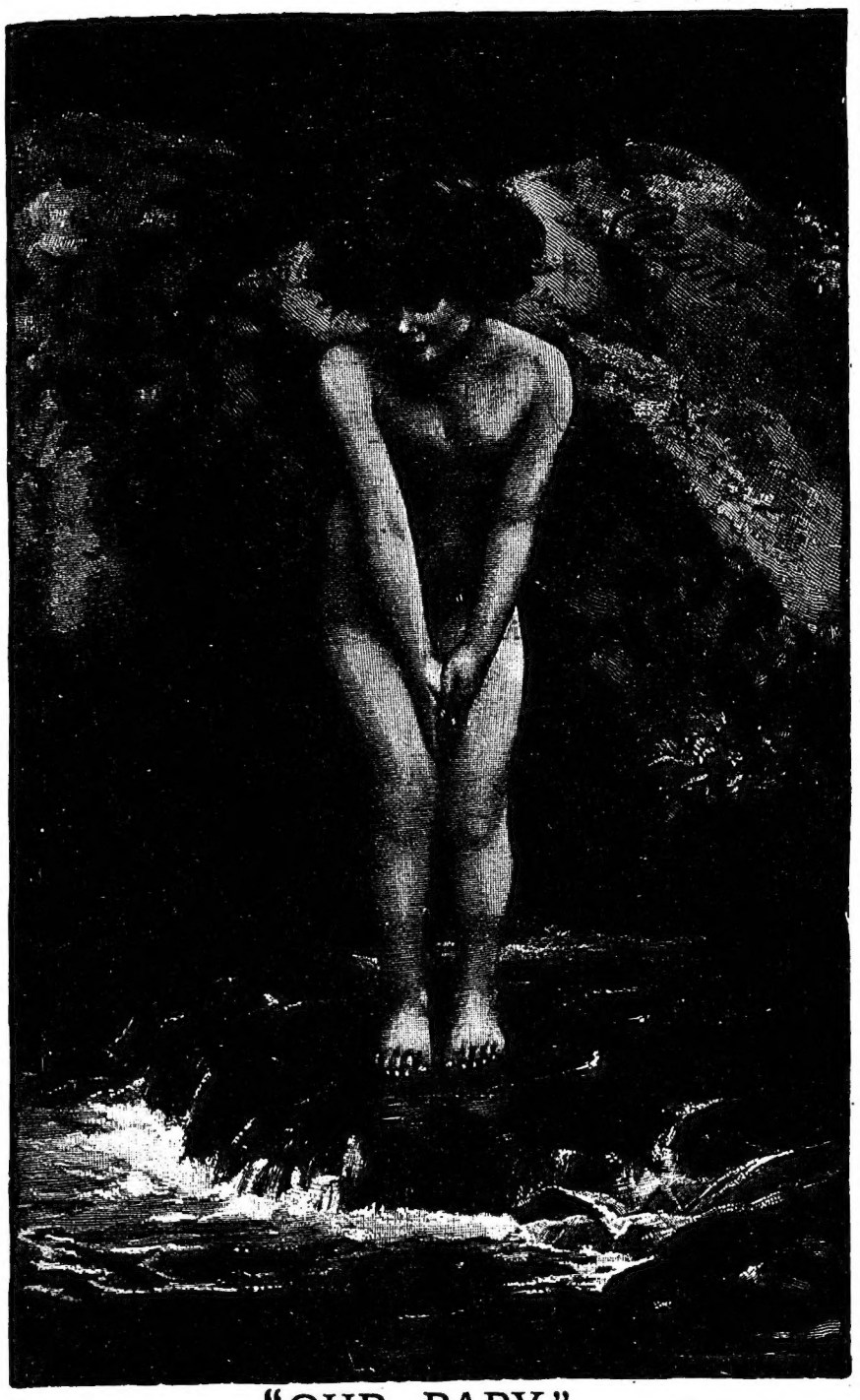
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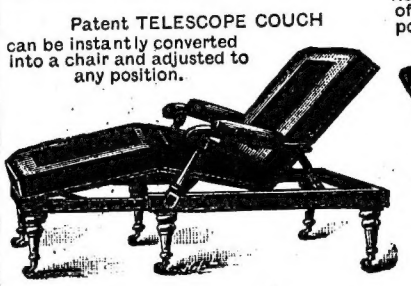
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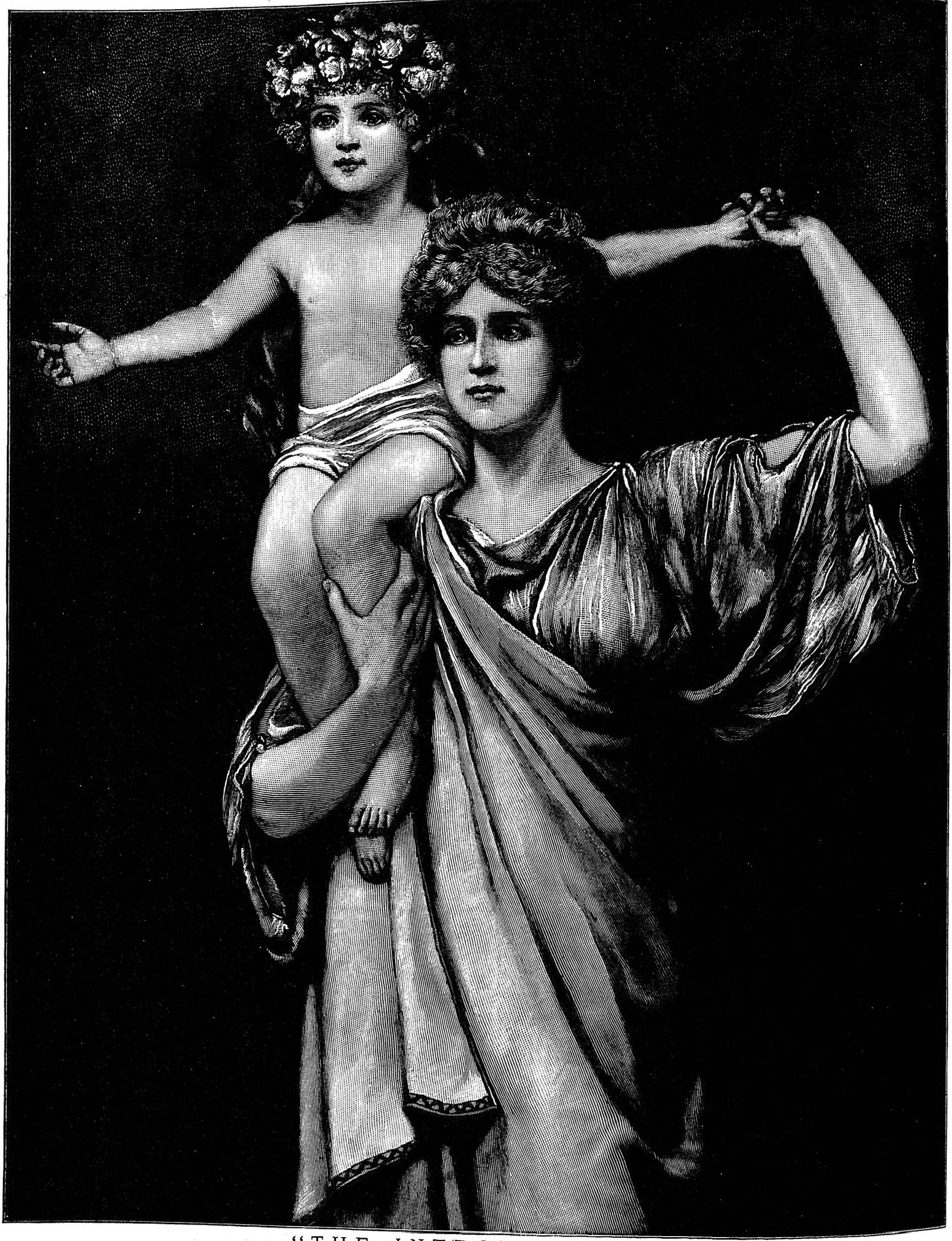
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